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LONGING.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Near in the forest
I know a glade:
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.

Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.

Never the breezes
Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.

Silence and shadow
After night reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRUEL, CRAWLING FOAM.

There was darkness over the land, almost as awful as that we read of on the awfullest day this earth has ever seen—darkness that might be felt. In the midst of the ripe harvest time, when all things were at their fairest, and the farmers about Combhollow were congratulating each other on the glorious weather, the storm came; a strange bluish-blackness overspread the sky—metallic, tempest-charged, not one cloud or many clouds, but a darkening of the face of heaven. It was like a sudden twilight at noon.

"It mun be a 'clipse, I think," said old Jabez Long, the fisherman, contemplative of that awful horizon yonder, where one streak of copper-colored light made a narrow rent between sea and sky.

"'Clipse, man!" cried his neighbor; "how can it be a 'clipse when there ain't none in the almanick? It's more like a judgment than a 'clipse, to my mind—a judgment agen the farmers for making bread so dear last Chrisselmas. Sarve 'em right if their corn's a drownded afore they can get it under cover."

There was no rain yet, but when the rain came by and by, it would be a flood thought that little group of awe-stricken fishermen gathered in front of the Ring of the Bells public house, at the fishermen's end of Combhollow.

"Look at the sea," exclaimed Jabez, pointing seaward.

It had a curious look, the ocean—that sea which in summer time, was wont to a lake of emerald green, clear as the gem its color rivalled, with shadows of richest purple. To-day the water was a dull red, darkened to indigo here and there. There was a strong ground-swell; and the sea heaved like a passionate bosom, stirred with deepest anger. White surf came creeping up the sand, and with every receding wave there rose a roar like distant thunder.

"An angry sea," cried Jabez. "I hope the young Squire won't try to come in from Clovelly upon such a tide as this."

"Has he gone to Clovelly?" asked Mike Durand, the younger of the two men. Both were old, and gray, and rugged, and had a look of having aged rather from hard weather than from the flight of years. Time had crawled for these villagers, winters and summers creeping slowly on their sluggish course; much labor, little pleasure. They must have felt a century old at least.

"Yes, he sailed yesterday morning, and was to be back to-day. Him and Jack, and the lad Peter; not enough of 'em to manage that clumsy old tub of his, to my mind. He'll get into trouble some day, I'm afeard."

"Money's scarce with him, I'm thinking," said Mike.

"Money'll never be anything but scarce while the old Squire's alive," answered Jabez. "There's money enough and to spare, hid away somewheres, but nobody'll ever see the color of it while he's alive."

"Not they," groaned Mike Durran; and there was a general groan from the little group of idlers, by way of tribute to the Squire.

"Hard upon everybody!" said Jabez.

"Hardest of all upon his own flesh and blood," said another man. His cruelty drove his second son to sea."

"Arnold!" said Jabez. "Ah, a fine lad, that! I remember 'im; a fine, outspoken lad, with a kind word for everyone."

"Ah, he were the right sort, he were," said Mike; "not like Mr. Oswald. He haven't a word to throw at a dog, wrapped up in hisself, and proud as Lucifus; and as for the color of his money—well, I never see it."

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"Under the tree-tops a secret shade.
Vines are the curtains, blossoms the floor."

This implies the deepest depth of unpopularity—a man unable or unwilling to give.

At this juncture, there came a silence in the little assembly, and all eyes were turned in the same direction to look at a man who came round the sharply-jutting cliff that cut off this straggling bit of Combhollow by the sea-shore from the bay, and the tidy little town that lay inland in a cleft of the fertile Devonian hills. On this side of the promontory there was the original fishing village—a row of ancient thatched cabins built against the cliff, and that popular house of entertainment, the Ring of the Bells, a low-roofed, old-fashioned dwelling, with steep gables and curious abutments, and ceilings that scarcely cleared the heads of its tallest customers.

The person whose approach commanded the general attention was a man of somewhat striking appearance. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a head nobly mounted on the throat of a gladiator, penetrating black eyes, boldly-cut features, a swarthy complexion, a square lower jaw, and a capacious, strongly-marked brow—he was a man to attract attention anywhere. Intellect and power had set their seal upon his face, and his bearing was that of one accustomed to command. A man of superior mind, stranded for life in such a place as Combhollow, might naturally think himself a king.

The new-comer's costume was that of the yeoman's class. He wore knee-breeches, coarse, grey, knitted stockings, and stout buckled shoes. His only distinguishing characteristic was a white cravat, but this was a symbol which marked his power and authority over that little group of rough fishermen; and Mrs. Jakes, the landlady, who stood at her door listening to the discourse of her customers, dropped a low curtsy at sight of the man in the white neckcloth.

Joshua Haggard was a strong influence in the little town of Combhollow, being chief custodian of the souls of its inhabitants, from Miss Tremaine, the rich maiden lady at Tremaine Place, to the grubby kitchen-wench at the Ring of the Bells, who cleaned herself once a week and, with face smarting from the vigorous application of mottled soap and coarsest huckaback, went to Little Bethel to hear Mr. Haggard preach. It was over the womankind of Combhollow, doubtless, that Joshua was most potent; but the men, if they went to any place of worship, did it, for the most part, to please their womankind, and thus was Little Bethel crowded to overflowing on warm summer evenings, while the white-haired vicar of Combhollow preached his drowsy orthodox sermon to the school-children the pew-opener and beadle, and the half-dozen staunch followers of the Established Church who had not over-eaten themselves at dinner, or drunk too much after that ponderous and hearty meal.

Fifty years ago the Established Church was nowhere in Combhollow, as compared with Joshua Haggard and Little Bethel. The great Anglican revival has doubtless awakened that slumberous old parish church into new life and vigor, and left Little Bethel in the rear; but in those days Bethel was dominant; and to sit under Joshua was to be in the right way to salvation, in the opinion of Combhollow, always excepting certain old families of landed estate, and the more substantial of the tenant-farmers, who clung to the Established Church like barnacles to a ship's bottom, and with little more ability to reason upon their faith than the barnacles. They stuck to the Church of England chiefly because their fathers had done so, and they looked down upon Joshua as a ranter and follower of that low person, John Wesley.

Mr. Haggard had his temporal avocation and business in life, as well as his spiritual profession, and a man of less energy and intellect would have hardly fared so well as he did with both. Haggard's was one of the best shops in Combhollow. Ostensibly devoted to groceries, it gave a counter to linen-drapery, supplied its customers with stationery, and was generally willing to procure any article that might be wanted in Combhollow, from the larger resources of Barnstaple, or the illimitable storehouses of Exeter. Enthusiast as Joshua really was in religion, he never neglected his trade; order and attention marked the conduct of his business; a scrupulous honesty recommended him to careful housekeepers. No adulterated coffee, no sanded sugar, came from his stores. To say that any article came from Haggard's was tantamount to saying it was the best that money could buy. Haggard's eight shilling mixed tea was a specific for nervous headache, and for plasters in urgent cases, no one thought of using any mustard but Haggard's.

Joshua being a widower of some years' standing, the feminine element in the business was supplied by his maiden sister Judith, a woman of commercial mind, frugal, housewifely habits, and energy as inexhaustible as her brother's. She was of Joshua's temperament as regarded mundane things, but lacked his loftier aspirations and spiritual views. Piety with her was of rather a mechanical order, dependent upon the number of her attendances at church. She took an ascetic view of life, especially as regarded the lives of other people, and was continually cutting off some small enjoyment or gratification of mind as "a snare." She was the sole and despotic ruler of Joshua's household and family, the family consisting of one son and one daughter, the household of a sturdy maid-of-all-work, a shopman, and a boy who carried out goods in barrow or basket, and occasionally came to grief by upsetting a box of eggs, or breaking a vinegar bottle.

Joshua Haggard's house and garden were always the pink of neatness, his shop was a model of cleanliness and precision, and his life altogether was so wisely ordered, so temperate, regular, and honorable, that he himself seemed the highest example of that sober Christian life he preached to others. When he read the first Psalm in that rich sonorous voice of his, his congregation thought of him as the man whose "delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

"The ungodly are not so——"

Ah, with what pious unction, with what a triumphant sense of superiority, with what confidence and security against the possibility of temptation assailing him, used Joshua Haggard to roll out the denunciatory verses that follow.

* * * * * *

The minister, as Joshua was called in Combhollow, did not come to the Ring of Bells to drink or make merry. He was the most sober of men—without being an absolute abstainer—and except a mug of small beer with his dinner and supper, rarely tasted anything stronger than water. He came to the water-side tavern to reprove and exhort. Mrs. Jakes had absented herself from chapel for the last two Sabbaths, and this backsliding was a fact to be inquired into by a shepherd solicitous for the welfare of his flock.

"The Saturday nights have been so trying, Mr. Haggard," replied Mrs. Jakes to her pastor's grave remonstrance. "The fishermen will sit so late and get so quarrelsome. It's enough to make one feel tired and addled-like next morning."

"If you were more careful of the good of your soul than of filthy lucre, Mrs. Jakes, you wouldn't let the men stay late enough to tire you, or drink enough to get quarrelsome."

"Ah," sighed the landlady, with a doleful shake of her head, "it's lucky for they as was brought up to a virtuous business. I was brought up to mine by they as went before me, and I'm obliged to abide by it."

"Put it away, if you find it a snare, Mrs. Jakes. Put it away, if you see that it leads others to evil ways. Selling drink to the intemperate is like going into partnership with Satan. Dissolve the firm, my dear woman, and put your trust in God."

"I might do that, Mr. Haggard, but how should I face the tax-gatherer, or the brewer's man, or the old Squire's bailiff, when he calls for my rent?"

"Have you forgotten how the sparrows are cared for, Mrs. Jakes?"

"Ah, sir, it's well for the sparrows, yet I've seen many o' them tumble out of their nests, poor things. Sparrows is made without much sense, and there need be somebody to look after 'em, but I fancy Providence meant us to do for ourselves, and do the best we can in the business we're brought up to."

"You remind me of the young man in the Gospel, Mrs. Jakes, who went away sorrowful because he clung to his great riches."

"It isn't riches as I cling to, Mr. Haggard, it's bread-and-cheese. The leopard might as easy change his spots as I go out of the public line, and if I could take to another business, maybe the neighbors wouldn't like it. You would not care to see me open a grocer's shop, now, would 'ee, sir?"

Joshua Haggard smiled a comfortable, self-assured smile. He knew that his business was established upon a basis not easily assailable. Plenty of capital, shrewd judgment, long experience, unflinching industry—who should prevail against these?

"Look," cried Jabez Long, taking his pipe out of his mouth and pointing to the livid horizon line—"look, lads, there she be—the Dolfing."

A patch of white sail, ghastly white against the leaden sky, glimmered on the edge of the sea. All eyes turned to it in anxious if not affrighted scrutiny. Poor struggling sail, how it wavered and dipped, now vanishing, now reappearing. It was like a human soul battling with the troubled waters of sorrow and sin.

The wind had risen while Joshua Haggard had been standing just inside the stone-paved kitchen discoursing the words of wisdom to Mrs. Jakes—a mighty wind that blew from the land, sweeping over those fertile hills, shrieking in the deep-wooded gorges, and rushing seaward, seaward, seaward, as if it longed to blend its fury with the angry waves heaving sullenly under the dark sky.

"He ought to ha' stayed at Clovelly," said Mike Durran; "none but a madman would think o' making this here harbor in yon cockleshell with such a wind off the shore. That there boat'll be smashed like a nutshell agen the rocks if he don't take care."

"He is a good sailor, isn't he?" asked Joshua Haggard.

"Good sailor! Ay, to be sure. There isn't a better in these parts. He and his brother allus hankered after the sea. But if he don't get too much of it this time, I'm a Dutchman."

There was a coolness in the speech that astonished Mr. Haggard; but life is cheap on these rocky shores, and a man drowned, more or less, makes no great sensation. The young Squire was no favorite with these fishermen. He was reserved, and they gave him credit for pride. He felt the restraint and injustice of his position as the son of a miserly father. He had nothing to give his fellow-men, and was thought mean.

"What!" exclaimed Joshua, "do you think that boat is in danger?"

"Looks like it," answered Jabez; "if the wind catches her side, she'll capsize like a walnut-shell."

"And you stand here quietly, smoking and drinking, while a fellow-creature's life is in jeopardy—you—seamen!"

The wind was gathering fury with every fresh blast, as if nature had reserved her forces through days and nights of calm to be lavished madly in one deadly hour.

The fishermen looked at each other, and then at Joshua Haggard, doubtfully. They were none of them young men—declined into the vale of years rather, and much weather-beaten.

"We've wives and families to think about," said Durran. "They're o' more account to us than the young Squire."

"A deal we should get by it if we risked our lives to bring the Dolfing safe ashore," added Jabez.

"And you would see a fellow-creature perish!" cried Haggard, horrified at this inhumanity.

These were of his flock; it was to these he preached the Gospel—self-abnegation, love of one's neighbor—sometimes of a Sunday evening.

"No talk of perishing yet awhile," said one.

"He ought to ha' stayed at Clovelly," said another.

Joshua Haggard arched his hands above his eyes and looked out seaward. There was no actual signal of distress—what signal could they make on board that frail bark? But even to one who knew but little of the sea, the signs of trouble were plain. Huge waves, foam-fringed, swept over the boat, which was evidently beaten farther from her haven by that fierce wind. She was trying to make the bay on the other side of the rocky promontory, but her efforts against sea and wind seemed like the puny struggling of a mouse between two rival cats. If the sea did not get the better of her, the wind would.

"I can handle a pair of sculls with any man in Combhollow," said Joshua, after watching that contest for some time with grave anxiety; "lend me your dingy and a coil of rope, Jabez."

"What, ye're not going out in the teeth o' such a wind, Master Haggard?" cried Long; "you'd be blown acrost to Wales."

"I'm going to save human lives, if I can," answered Haggard. "He who walked the waters and stilled the tempest will be with me!"

"Nay, master, but we'll go instead of 'ee," cried Jabez.

"Ay, to be sure we will," said Durran; and there was an assenting murmur from the rest of the group, and a move towards the beach, where the boats lay bottom upwards trembling and groaning as the wind shook their battered old timbers.

"No," cried Joshua, decisively, "you have wives and families unprovided for. Mine will be well supplied with temporal blessings if the waters should swallow me; and if they were penniless I could trust them to Him who rules on sea and land."

"There's no call for any one going," grumbled one of the men; "the young Squire's as good a sailor as any on us, and can swim like a fish; and if he was wise he would run across to Swansea with the wind at his back."

"But he isn't wise, you see," said Joshua, pointing to the laboring boat; "look there."

The signal of distress had come. A handkerchief waved wildly in the wind, a speck of white just visible against a dark background of cloud and sea.

Joshua ran to the dingy and pushed it down to the water amidst the remonstrances of the fishermen, now all eager to rush to the rescue.

"Not one of you shall go with me," he cried, with that fiery enthusiasm which gave him his strongest influence on his flock. "The Lord has given these lives into my hand. I am going alone. Give me the rope and the sculls."

They obeyed him submissively; but a larger boat was pushed down to the water at the same time, and four men took their places in it. There was no question now of wives and families to be left to the tender mercies of the parish.

Joshua had not boasted when he called himself a good oarsman. He was a man skilled in many things—a man who must needs have been dominant in any station. Fate had made him a dissenting parson, but if Fate had chosen to make him a general he would not have been out of place.

He handled his sculls cleverly, but the wind blew him out to sea faster than his sculls could carry him. The light tub-shaped boat skimmed the crests of the waves, and Joshua was half-way towards the yacht while the other men were fighting with the surf along shore. Presently the little group, watching him from the Ring of Bells, gave a cry of horror. The dingy was bottom upwards, and Joshua riding atop of her keel, like Arion on his dolphin.

They were gazing at him, breathless and full of fear, when the Dolphin gave her last headlong plunge, and the rag of sail vanished forever. The men in the big boat were across the surf by this time, rowing gallantly towards Joshua. Those on shore could scarcely see how it happened, but in the next moment there were two men on the keel of the dingy, and then somehow one of them managed to right the boat, and they were both inside of her, one of them paddling with a single scull. The other scull had been lost when she capsized.

The fisherman's boat made for them, lashed the dingy to her stern, and lay-to on her oars, while a man, who had been swimming desperately, clambered aboard of her. After that she lay off and on for a little, as if waiting to pick up some one else, and after that rowed for the shore.

"There's two saved and one drowned," said one of the watchers. "There was three aboard."

Now came the struggle. The boats were carried ever so far before they could make the shore; but at last, by dint of hard rowing, and the wind abating some little of its violence, the fishermen contrived to beach the big boat just under the shadow of that jutting point of cliff which ran out into the sea like a bastion.

The lookers-on rushed eagerly down to welcome the saved from the wreck, curious to know whether the Squire, whose single existence seemed to these Tory villagers to weigh against half a dozen common lives, had been one of the two saved.

Yes, there was Oswald Pentreath in the dingy, lying across Joshua's knees, the picture of death rather than life at this moment.

"Is the b'y gone?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, the poor b'y's drowned. Rose two or three times after the yacht went down, and then went to the bottom like a stone."

Joshua came on shore carrying his burden with him. He made nothing of the Squire's young figure, though Oswald Pentreath was no feather-weight.

"Tell Mrs. Jakes to get a blazing fire," cried Joshua as he went slowly towards the Ring of Bells; "or, on second thought, I'll take him to my own house. There's some comfort there, a good bed, and my sister Judith, who's the next best thing to a doctor. Lend a hand one of you, and we'll get him up street in no time."

Mr. Haggard's house was at the beginning of the High-street, the one single street of Combhollow, and was not more than five minutes' walk from the Ring of Bells. Half a dozen men ran forward to help the minister with his burden, but he bade the youngest of the group take Mr. Pentreath's feet, while he held him by his shoulders, and the two carried him thus easily round the point, across the little sandy bay, and into the street, at the corner of which, with one side to the sea, stood Joshua Haggard's house—a square stone cottage, with a shop built out at one side, and a couple of extra rooms on the other, making it altogether a building of some importance. There was a good garden of the old-fashioned utilitarian type, and behind the garden an orchard, on the steep slope of one of those hills which sheltered Combhollow from wind and weather. There was a stable adjacent to the house, in which the minister kept his gray cob, a useful animal, which carried Joshua or the groceries with perfect equanimity.

The wind had dropped a little by this time, and the rain came down in sudden torrents, a straight downpour; it was as much as Joshua and his assistant could do to get under cover without a second drenching from fresh water. Judith Haggard flew to the door as the little crowd entered at the green wooden gate

which divided the narrow strip of front garden from the street.

"Why, what's happened, Joshua?" she cried, affrighted at that lifeless burden.

She was briefly told the state of the case.

"There's a good fire in the kitchen," she cried; "carry him in. Naomi, run and help Sally down with the mattress off the spare bed, and a blanket or two, and a pillow to lay under him. Why, Joshua, you've been in the water, too."

"Yes, Judith, by God's grace I was privileged to save him."

"Humph," muttered his sister, doubtfully, "I wish you'd ha' saved a better man than any of old Pentreath's breed."

But, although Miss Judith Haggard looked somewhat contemptuously upon the lifeless figure lying face downward on one of her best mattresses, she set to work none the less vigorously to expedite Oswald Pentreath's return to life. She rubbed him, she shook him, she punched him in the back, and made returning animation such a severe ordeal, that the struggling soul, feeling its envelope of clay so roughly handled, might naturally entreat to be allowed to stay in Hades.

Judith, however, without having the printed instructions of the Humane Society to guide her, evidently knew her business, and did it so well, that, when she had made her patient disgorge all the sea water he had swallowed, and had dragged him into a half-sitting position, with his head upon her knee, her labors were crowned with success. The heavy eyelids slowly raised themselves, the dark gray eyes looked round the circle of eager faces with a gaze of vague inquiry, and a shuddering sigh broke from the parted lips.

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed Joshua, solemnly.

"It's taken twenty minutes by grandmother's clock," said Judith, glancing at that authority—an ancient eight-day timepiece in a shining mahogany case, crowned with three brass knobs—a clock that was taller than Joshua, and the chief ornament of the kitchen.

There had been silence, save for furtive whisperings in the background, until now, but the opening of Oswald Pentreath's eyes seemed a loosening of every one else's tongue.

"Well, I'm glad he's come to," said Jabez Long, confidentially, to his next neighbor and favorite chum, Michael Durran; "but I'd leaver the minister saved him nor me."

"Why's that, mate?"

"Don't 'ee know?"

"No."

"Why I thought you was too good a seaman not to know *that*."

"What, lad?"

"Why, as no good never come o' reskying a drowndng man. You fetches him out of the water at the risk of your own life, don't 'ee? Yes, and that there man's bound to do 'ee a hinjury. He can't help it. The deepest wrong as the minister ever had done agen him will be done by that young man. Them as lives to see it may remember my words."

He had raised his voice in his excitement, and his speech had been audible to Joshua standing in front of him.

"I know you were an ignorant man, Long," said Joshua, turning sharply upon the guileless fisherman, "but I didn't think you were a fool into the bargain."

"It's trew as the tides and the mune, Muster Haggard. You beware o' that young 'un. He's bound to be your foe."

"Because I have done him the greatest service one man can do another! Nonsense, man. I am ashamed of such folly."

"Thom as knows the sea knows it for truth," said Long, doggedly.

"Come, my friends," said Joshua, too contemptuous of such foolishness to argue further, "Mr. Pentreath is all right, you see, so you may as well clear out of this, and let us make him as comfortable as we can. The more air we give him, the better."

"And you've got your own clothes to change yet, Joshua," said Judith. "If you're not in for the rheumatics after this, I shall be surprised. A man had need be careful, when he has seen the last of his five-and-fortieth birthday."

The fishermen slowly withdrew, and the young Squire was left with Judith and her brother. Naomi Haggard and Sally the servant-girl had been banished from the kitchen during the process of resuscitation, and were waiting outside in the passage, breathless with expectation, Naomi trembling a little and holding Sally's stalwart arm.

"Let go, please, miss; you're a-pinching of me," remonstrated Sally at last, as the grip tightened.

"I beg your pardon, Sally, I am so anxious."

"No call to be anxious, miss. He's drownded and dead, poor young man, and missus is wasting her trouble. Did you see how blue his lips was—purplish, like my Sunday frock?"

"Oh, Sally, I hope he is not dead!"

"Lor', miss, it ain't much odds; them was never no good, the Pentreaths."

The fishermen had gone out by a door that opened from kitchen to garden, so Naomi and the maid-servant remained in ignorance of the patient's progress under aunt Judith's ministrations. Ruth had been much too well brought up to think of opening the kitchen-door, were it ever so narrow a chink, after she had been told to keep her distance. There was love, doubtless, in Mr. Haggard's household, but the love was in somewise a latent element, and the more ostensible ruler was fear.

From their babyhood upwards Naomi and James Haggard had regarded their father as the one awful power in this world. They were fond of him and proud of him, but with a far-off affection and a reverential pride which admitted of no familiarity. They had never clambered on his knees, or rifled his coat-pockets. The nearest approach to making him a playfellow had been to stand by his chair on a Sunday afternoon, between dinner-time and chapel, and hear him relate the story of Joseph and his brethren, or of those never-to-be-forgotten children who made a mock of the prophet's bald head, in his deep full voice, which gave additional solemnity to the scriptural phrases.

While Naomi and Sarah were straining their ears to catch any sound that might penetrate the stout oaken door—a vain effort—the door suddenly opened, and Joshua appeared, supporting a curiously muffled figure in his arms. It was Oswald Pentreath, wrapped in a couple of blankets.

"Light a fire in the spare room, Sally," cried Judith, as the girl ran off to the wood-house, while Joshua half-carried half-led the young Squire up to that well-ordered chamber.

Not often was Mr. Haggard's spare room occupied by a visitor, and he might as well have used that extra chamber for his own comfort, as a study or book-room. But in Judith's opinion it was the right thing in a respectable house to have a spare bedroom, and it was her pride to maintain that apartment in perfect order and in a certain kind of splendor, even at some sacrifice of the inhabited rooms.

Thus, while Joshua's four-poster was of painted deal, with washed-out chintz curtains and a coarse-knotted coverlet, the spare bed had curly posts and an elaborate cornice, with a good deal of white fringe and dimity festooning, watch-pockets of silken patchwork, and a counterpane of the same industrious work, a little faded, but gorgeous still, with memorials of dead-and-gone brocades and satins, choice morsels which Miss Patterson, the Barnstaple dressmaker, had bestowed upon Mrs. Martha Haggard, her first-cousin.

The dressing-table in the spare room was an elaborate piece of furniture, with numerous drawers, an oval looking-glass, and faint traces of departed gilding on its pale-green paint—a dressing-table which had evidently adorned a grander room in its time.

The bedside carpets were Brussels instead of Dutch, bordered and fringed by Judith's own hands; the pierced brass fender and brass-handled fire-irons were objects of admiration with all Judith's female acquaintance who came to the spare room to take off their bonnets at ceremonious tea-drinkings or social stepping-in for the afternoon. There were Swansea china teacups and saucers, the relics of an old set, on the narrow mantelpiece, and oval gems of art in tent-stitch on the wall—Abraham and Isaac, and the Infant Samuel.

In this chamber Mr. Pentreath was made to lie down, wrapped to suffocation in blankets, made still warmer by the administration of hot brandy-and-water, and bidden to sleep. His clothes should be dried and brought to him, he was told, before dark that evening; and a messenger should be sent to his father announcing the fact of his safety, to which the young Squire replied drowsily that they need take no such trouble—his his father would not be uneasy about him.

"I'm sorry for the Dolphin," he said; "and I think I might as well have gone down in her while I was about it!" for which speech Mr. Haggard reproved him gravely.

"I hope you wouldn't say such a thing if you had quite come to your right senses, Mr. Pentreath," he said.

"Why, what have I to live for, do you think, that I should be over-fond of life?" returned the young Squire, carelessly.

"We can all make our lives good to ourselves and to others, if we set about it the right way, and seek the right direction," answered Joshua.

"Ah, you mean by preaching and praying. That's out of my line."

"I'll come and talk to you when you have slept," said Joshua, shocked at this reprobate speech; "and I'll say a short prayer before I leave you."

The minister knelt beside the bed, and lifted up his voice in one of those supplications which he knew so well how to make impressive. His address to the Deity was rich in grandest epithets, to which his noble voice gave fullest force. Oswald opened his heavy eyelids and watched the uplifted face on a level with his own, shining with the faith of an enthusiast. He thought more of the man, perhaps, than of the prayer for "this sinner wandering darkly," but he was impressed. He had thought of Joshua Haggard hitherto as a smooth-tongued canting rascal, who improved his business prospects by a pretence of sanctity. Brought for the first time in his life face to face with the man, he was moved to wonder at and even to respect him.

Having said his prayer, Joshua went to change his clothes, which had dried upon him; and when this was done it was tea-time, and the little family assembled, according to their custom from year's end to year's end, at the parlor table, where aunt Judith in her afternoon cap and gown sat before the big wooden tea-board, and poured out the tea from a flowered china teapot, squat and square, which dispensed a mild and unexciting liquor of uniform strength and color. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Haggard's household lacked that evidence of respectability, a silver teapot. Aunt Judith had a whole boxful of good old silver, wrapped in baize, and safely bestowed under her bed, from which retreat the family treasures only emerged on solemn and festive occasions.

They had taken their seats at the tea-table when Joshua came down in his good black clothes and fresh cambric neckcloth, looking like a bishop, Judith thought, as she eyed him admiringly. Her brother was the one object of Judith's reverence and love. She was not demonstrative, and rarely gratified or plagued him by any expression of her affection; but from her childhood upwards she had worshipped him, toiled for him, and believed in him, with a single-minded devotion which is given to few brothers. This affection, like most intense feeling in this world, was not without its alloy of jealousy. Judith liked, nay expected, to be first in her brother's regard, to receive his warmest praises, and to stand nearest him at all times. She would have been wounded if she had thought his own children could be as dear to him as she was.

Naomi had her father's olive skin, black hair, strongly-marked brows, and dark eyes. She was a girl about whom opinion varied. Some people in Combhollow called her plain, for lack of that pinkness and whiteness which were essential to the Combhollow notion of beauty; but drape that tall slim figure in Cleopatra's flowing robe, put a fillet of gold round that smooth raven hair and low broad brow, and you would have as noble an image of the daughter of the Ptolemies as ever shone on the painter's canvas or glorified the poet's page. But Combhollow had not awakened to the Cleopatra type of beauty, and was wont to speak of Naomi Haggard with a patronizing pity, as a young woman who ought to have been much more personable, having had such a pretty mother.

"Father," began Naomi gravely, when Joshua had taken his seat, and his cup and saucer had been handed to him, "was not your life in danger while you were saving Mr. Pentreath?"

"My life was in the keeping of my Master, Naomi, just as much then as it is now."

"What, when you were holding on to a dingy keel upwards?" asked James, who had a matter-of-fact mind, and who had just come back from a business journey to a distant farm-house in time to hear of his father's heroism.

"I was as safe as Daniel in the lions' den, or as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace," answered Joshua.

"I don't know about that," replied James, argumentatively. James would have argued with an archbishop. "I wouldn't trust myself among hungry lions on the strength of Daniel's coming off so easy, if I was you. Look at the early Christians in the Roman amphitheatre; *they* weren't Danieled; they were eaten up clean."

"How often must I tell you, James, that such talk as that is irreverent?" asked the father, reprovingly.

Naomi took up her father's strong broad hand and kissed it.

"How good you are, father! how brave, how unselfish!" she said, with a little gush of feeling. "All those fishermen standing by, and only you, a landsman, ready to help that drowning man."

"My dear, I had but to set the example, and those poor men were as ready as I. They were sluggish-minded rather than cowardly; slow to perceive the call of duty, but not unwilling to encounter peril. As for being a landsman, I was almost as much on sea as on land when I was a boy."

"You were nearly as bad as James for idling about in any bit of a boat when you ought to have been minding your business ashore," said aunt Judith—"and that's saying a good deal."

"I love the sea," cried Naomi. "The first thing I can remember is the water rolling up over my bare feet, and the smell of the seaweed, and the slippery green rocks, and the loud roar of the tide. I'm very fond of the country, with its woods and hills and deep green hollows, where the ground is like a carpet of primroses in April, and Springcomb Common all ablaze with furze; but lovely as it all is, the sea's best. It seems somehow as if the sea's alive, and the land dumb and dead."

"I suppose you'd have been just as fond of the sea if it had swallowed up your father to-day," remarked Judith sharply.

Perhaps she resented that little burst of affection with which Naomi had rewarded her father's prowess. The girl was not often so demonstrative.

"Oh, aunt," cried Naomi, reproachfully, "do you think I could have ever looked at the sea without agony if it had killed my father?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied her aunt. "When young women are as fanciful as you are, there's no reckoning upon 'em."

Joshua's dark eyes contemplated his daughter with grave disapproval.

"Fanciful," he repeated. "I hope no one is fanciful in my family. My children have been brought up to be sober-minded, and steadfast to the right."

"I wish we had been brought up to have more variety at meals," said Jim, taking the model of a fine set of teeth on his fourth slice of bread-and-butter. "Green-meat is very well in its way, but bread-and-butter and green stuff every afternoon, is rather too much of a good thing. I feel as if I was making a Nebuchadnezzar of myself before the summer is over."

"Lettuces are good for your blood, boy," said Judith.

"As wholesome for your body as the sensual desire for dainty food is hurtful to your soul," added his father.

"Are shrimps sinful, father?" Inquired the undaunted Jim, "because they're only fourpence a quart this afternoon, and there's a good deal of sinfulness of that kind going on up street."

"If you hadn't grumbled I might have given you shrimps for tea to-morrow," said Judith; "but after your wicked murmurings I shall do nothing of the kind."

James made a wry face behind his bread-and-butter. He had not much faith in these frustrated good intentions of his aunt Judith's.

"She's always meaning and unmeaning," he used to say. "If she really meant to give us anything nice she'd do it, once in a way, instead of telling us how she was going to do it if we hadn't offended her."

When the tea-cups were empty, and Jim had reduced the stack of substantial bread-and-butter to nothingness, Joshua improved the occasion by a prayer, or rather homily, in which he held up to his son the picture of his young infirmities as in a mirror. He took for his text the wise man's saying, that "a contented mind is a perpetual feast." He set forth the sin of gluttony, the love of savory meats which lost Esau his portion for ever and his father's blessing; he dwelt with lofty rhapsodising on the duty of thankfulness, the freewill offering of praise and thanksgiving to an all-beneficent Creator.

There was real eloquence in his discourse, but it fell on somewhat stony ground with James, for whom such exhortations may have lost some of their power to move from frequency of application.

"All this fuss about a small plate of shrimps," thought Jim; and he wished that his lines had been cast in another place than beneath the roof-tree of a disciple of Whitfield and Wesley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRACTICAL WOMAN.—The thoroughly practical woman is destitute of imagination. Not a shred of such cobwebs as poetry, sentiment, or romance ever lingers in her brain. She is a good housekeeper, in the common usage of the term, tears up carpets every spring, fills the house with painters, carpenters, and paperhangers, scrubs paint and whitens ceilings, scolds children and servants, and finishes at night with a Caudle lecture because Mr. Jones came home late and forgot to see the plumber about those new faucets for the bath-room. The autumn comes with gorgeous hues and mist-crowned hills, and purple sunsets, but to the mind of the practical woman it brings only visions of pickling, and canning, and preserving. She reads the daily papers—certainly all the marriages, deaths, murders, and casualties—but she cannot tell you the title of one of Dickens' works, or of Longfellow's or Whittier's poems. She prides herself upon her firmness. When she says "No," always means it, and uses that negative invariably when any scheme of pleasure is proposed. Her will is law in the household, and her husband is influenced to her own narrow views of life, or driven to seek sympathy outside of home.

"IF I WERE YOU."

BY C. M. W.

Ah, love, could some all-potent spell,
Like those our fairy stories tell,
Change your sweet being into mine,
And my rude being in a thine,
'Twere strange to think what we would do,
If you were I and I were you.

If you were I you'd know the smart
That comes from roguish Cupid's dart.
If I were you I would not fear
To soothe the wound with pity's tear.
For comfort sweet, you'd ne'er need sue,
If you were I and I were you.

If you were I the world would seem
Ah, bitter, save for Love's young dream;
If I were you I would not break
The dream, nor bid the dreamer wake.
The old, old dream should e'er be new,
If you were I and I were you.

If you were I you'd feel the woe
That heartless maidens oft bestow;
If I were you I could not b
Relentless in love's misery.
I'd prize a heart both leal and true,
If you were I and I were you.

If you were I you'd know that life
Is but half lived without a wife;
If I were you that name should be
A blissful, blest reality.
Then tell me, sweet, how would you woo,
If you were I and I were you?

A CLEVER RUSE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Some time during the month of June, 1809, the American brig Sarah, of and from Norfolk, Va., entered the port of Liverpool with a full cargo. She was commanded by Captain William Brown, and his first mate was Tom McDonough, a true-hearted Yankee sailor, who hailed from somewhere in the little State of Delaware. After the brig had been duly entered at the custom house, she was soon cleared of her cargo, and within one week after her arrival, she was loaded for home.

One pleasant evening—the one preceding the day on which the brig was to sail—Tom McDonough took a stroll up into the town. He had been at work all day in arranging the cargo, and having merely started out for a stroll, he had not thought it worth while to change his dress. He had been up as far as the Exchange, and was returning by way of the docks, when he was accosted by a man who appeared to be a citizen.

"Good-evening, stranger!"

"The same to you," returned Tom, never once mistrusting that there was harm in the way.

"Do you belong to any of the vessels now in the river?" asked the other, as he cast a scrutinizing glance over the somewhat rough habiliments of the American sailor.

"Yes. I belong to the American brig Sarah."

"No, no; that won't do."

"What won't do?" asked Tom, not a little amazed at the remark.

"Oh, I know you," returned the stranger, "you are a deserter from the frigate."

As he spoke he placed a small whistle to his mouth, and in a moment after its shrill note had cut the air, six marines came rushing out from a tap-room close at hand, and at a motion from the stranger, they seized hold upon poor Tom and made him their prisoner. In vain was it that Tom protested that he was second in command of the Sarah, and in vain that he threatened vengeance, but against the power of six stout fellows, he could make no effectual resistance, and so he was taken along to the naval landing, where five other prisoners, all victims of the press-gang, were awaiting their embarkation. A boat was in waiting in the command of a lieutenant, and into it Tom, with the rest of the unfortunate seamen, was unceremoniously hurried, and in less than half an hour, he found himself on board an English frigate which lay at the mouth of the river.

"A fine set of men," said the English captain, as he ran his eyes admiringly over the stalwart forms of the impressed seamen. "They will just fill up the list of our main-topmen."

"Are you the commander of this frigate?" asked Tom, addressing the man who had just spoken.

"Captain Downie, at your service," replied the commander, with mock gravity.

"Then, sir, of you I demand my immediate release. I am second in command of an American brig now ready for sea, and no power in England can legally detain me."

"That won't go down, youngster," returned the captain, with a sneer. "You are a little too young for such an office. The king needs men, and you must take your chance with the rest."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be detained on board your ship?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, while his eyes flashed fire, "you will do it at your peril. Already have your people run up a heavy reckoning, and the day shall yet come when your king will have to settle it. I am exempt, by your own laws, from impressment, and you know it."

The captain showed a little anger as our hero spoke, but turning to one of his lieutenants, he said:

"Mr. Monson, have these men's names entered, and then station them and mess them;" and without further remark he walked aft to his cabin.

In a moment, Tom's mind was made up, and without resistance or remark of any kind, he allowed his name to be entered on the purser's books, and his station and mess to be assigned him, after which a hammock and bedding were served out to him, and he was directed to "turn in" as soon as possible.

The frigate was well-guarded by sentries, there being two upon the poop, one at each gangway, one on the forecastle, and one on the bowsprit, besides those who were stationed at various points below, so that no further notice was taken of the new-comers after they had received their bedding, except to give the sentinels additional caution with regard to watching well that no one left the ship unless he was passed by the officer of the deck.

Tom's hammock was already clewed, and having hung it up, he turned into it without undressing. The night was warm and sultry, and as a means of giving a circulation of fresh air, the gun-deck ports were lowered, and from the place in which our hero swung he could look out upon the water as it sparkled beneath the beams of the bright moon. Tom lay quiet until midnight, but as yet he could think of no means of escape. Shortly after that hour had passed, he heard the relief guard called, and in some ten minutes, the corporal of the first guard came down upon the gun-deck and unlashed the hammock which hung next to his own, which operation being performed, he proceeded to undress himself, hanging his clothes, as he did so, upon the clews of his hammock. The four hours' duty had given the corporal an excellent appetite for sleep, and in less than five minutes after he touched his mattress, he began to snore.

"Now or never," thought Tom, "is my chance;" and with this idea in his mind, he slipped quietly out of his hammock and proceeded to divest himself of his own clothes, which having been accomplished, he very unceremoniously substituted those of the snoring corporal in their place, and then sat down upon the breeching of a gun to further meditate upon his plans.

One bell struck, and the sentinels passed the usual "all's well." Then Tom heard the corporal, as he started to go his rounds, and ere long he descended the main-hatch ladder to visit the posts below. No sooner had the marine officer passed beyond the galley, than our hero sprang up the ladder and gained the spar-deck. The officer of the deck was aft, upon the starboard side, the sentries were walking their posts with regular tread, while the old quartermaster stood upon the poop with his night glass under his arm. The sentries performed their walk upon gang-boards raised even with the bottom of the hammock-nettings and running forward from the ladders. The larboard gangway was shaded from the light of the moon by the awnings, and walking deliberately up the ladder, Tom looked over the ship's side.

"Sentry," said he, in a mumbling sort of tone, "what boat is that at the boom?"

"The second cutter," returned the marine, showing by his manner that he had no suspicions of the spurious corporal.

Tom immediately walked aft to where stood the officer of the deck, and being quite assured by the mistake of the sentry, he pulled his cap down over his eyes and, touching his visor respectfully, remarked.

"I should like to overhaul that second cutter, sir, for I think there is rum aboard of her."

Tom knew he was playing a desperate game, but liberty was to be the result of success, and he flinched not a hair.

"Ha! the villains," muttered the lieutenant. "Up to their old tricks again. Go, corporal, get down into the boat, and if you *do* find rum in her, they'll catch it."

Tom started quickly forward, but just as he got abreast of the fore-hatchway, he saw the *simon pure* corporal's head rising above the combings. The marine ascended no higher, for with one blow of his fist, Tom sent him back from whence he came, and then sprang quickly out through the port upon the swinging boom, and having reached the place where the second cutter's painter was made fast, he hauled the boat up and leaped into her. The flood tide was setting up the river very strongly, and quick as thought, Tom cast off the painter, and rapidly dropped astern.

"Help, help!" shouted our hero, at the top of his voice; "the boat's got loose!"

"Get out a couple of oars, you lubber," cried the officer of the deck, as he jumped upon the poop on hearing the cry, where he arrived just as the cutter was sweeping past the quarter. "You can hold her against the tide."

Tom *did* get out a couple of oars, but the moment he got them balanced in the rowlocks, he commenced pulling for dear life, and, to the utter consternation of the lieutenant, the boat began rapidly to shoot up the river. All the sentries on deck were immediately called upon the poop, and their muskets were fired at the deserter, but though two of the balls whistled near the boat, yet none of them did any harm, and on the next moment Tom heard the third cutter called away, but he knew the men were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and so he felt secure.

It was ten minutes before the third cutter cast off from the ship, and long ere they reached Tom he had gained the shore, and was running at a remarkable speed towards the city, which he reached in safety, and before two o'clock, he was on board his own brig.

The next morning the Sarah dropped down with the ebb tide, and as she passed the frigate, Tom saw the second cutter swinging in her usual place, and as he gazed upon the proud flag that floated at the Englishman's peak, he murmured to himself:

"If I live, I'll some day take the pride from these proud tyrants."

How literally was that saying fulfilled! Tom McDonough had been Decatur's favorite midshipman at the siege of Tripoli, and "wherever Decatur led, he dared to follow." Subsequent to that brilliant chapter in the page of our history, occurred the event which is embodied in our sketch; but five years afterwards, on the 11th of September, 1814, Thomas McDonough met one of England's proud fleets on Lake Champlain. At the first broadside, the British Commodore, Downie, fell; and at the end of a fight which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, without intermission, Commodore Thomas McDonough was the conqueror of Champlain. He had gained a proud victory, and that day's achievement forms one of the brightest pages in the history of America.

COMMODORE THOMAS MCDONOUGH—the hero of Tripoli, the conqueror of Champlain. He was a noble and true-hearted man, and a terror to all enemies of his country. Peace to his ashes, and everlasting honor to his memory!

HIGHEST RATE OF SPEED.—The London *Engineer* states that the highest railway speeds in the world are attained in England, and that the highest of all is reached on the Great Western railroad—the speed on the latter being given roundly as fifty miles an hour. Instances are given, however, of sixty-five or seventy miles an hour, and the *Engineer* believes that it would be possible to lay the permanent way so well, and to maintain it in such excellent order, that trains might travel on it with perfect safety at one hundred miles an hour; indeed, miles and miles of such tracks are now to be found on most of the great main lines, but nowhere can one hundred consecutive miles of permanent way in perfection be found; and as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a few hundred yards of bad track would spoil, for the purpose of traveling one hundred miles an hour, a whole line.

THE one great lesson which society is perpetually teaching, the one strain which it is forever chanting, is this, that compared with a life of honor and benevolence, there is no object worth living for. If these will not bring happiness to the rational soul, nothing will.

THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

A brief description of flags of all the nations which will be seen by the hundreds of thousands, nay millions, who will flock to Philadelphia this year, will doubtless be interesting, and our readers will do well to preserve this.

First comes the merchant flag of Great Britain, red, with a blue union crossed with red; and her naval flag, a red cross on a white ground, with the same union.

Next the tri-color of France, composed of three vertical stripes of blue, white and red.

The Russian naval flag, a diagonal blue cross on a white ground, and her merchant flag, a tri-color of horizontal stripes of white, blue and red.

The standard of Austria has a shield charged with red, white and red, surmounted by the imperial crown, on a ground of three horizontal stripes of red, white and red.

The colors of Italy are vertical stripes of green, white and red, with the arms of Savoy and the crown borne in the centre.

The Spanish naval flag waves two narrow horizontal stripes of red, with a broad yellow bar between, on which rest the royal arms and the crown, while the merchant flag shows three yellow stripes alternate with two of red.

The standard of Portugal presents a ground of blue towards the staff and of white to the fly, charged with the royal arms and the crown.

The flags of both Belgium and the Netherlands are tri-colors, the former in vertical stripes of black, yellow and red, and the latter of horizontal ones of red, white and blue.

Denmark flies a jack of red with a white cross, and Sweden one of blue with a yellow cross, and a union with Norway's colors, red with a blue cross.

A short white cross on a field of red is the national standard of Switzerland, and five blue stripes alternating with four of white, with a union bearing a white cross and a crown on a blue ground, compose the colors of Greece.

The naval symbol of the Turk is the familiar crescent and star on a blood-red field, and the merchant flag shows a tri-color of two horizontal red stripes with one of green between, in the Egyptian standard the colors being green, yellow and green.

A lion, with a sunburst on a white ground, edged on three sides with green, is characteristic of Persia; a red ball in a field of white, of Japan, and a triangular yellow flag, ornamented with the national dragon, of China.

An elephant, on a red ground, is seen in the Siamese standard, and an eagle in the centre of three verticle stripes of green, white and red on the flag of Mexico.

The United States of Columbia are represented by a large yellow bar, above blue and red horizontal stripes, with an oval centre of stars twinkling on a blue background, and Venezuela by a similar tri-color, with this difference, that the stripes are of equal width, the stars unenclosed, and the national insignia charged on the upper corner.

Ecudor's emblem is white, with a vertical blue stripe in the centre bearing seven stars, and that of Brazil is green with a diamond of yellow in the centre, enclosing the national arms.

Bolivia boasts a tri-color of yellow, red and green, with a wreath, the sun rising over the mountains, and the words, "Republic Bolivia" in the middle.

Peru also flings to the breeze three vertical bands, red, white and red, with the national arms central in the white, and Chili simply two horizontal bars of white and red, with one solitary star glittering on a blue ground in the upper corner.

The colors of both Uruguay and the Argentine Republic are blue and white; in the former there are five white stripes and four of blue, with a sun in the corner, and in the latter there are two of blue, with one of white between, and the sun on the white in left centre.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

At Madras, India, one Madhar Sahib squatted down before the Prince of Wales, and put down a small basket about the size of those in which a lady would carry Berlin wool. It was empty of course. Madhar Sahib was almost undressed—his arms were quite bare. He turned his basket down and chatted at it, then turned it over, and lo! there was an egg on the carpet, which was handed round to be looked at. Then he put the basket over the egg and chatted at it again, turned it over, and lo! out walked a pretty pigeon, so tame that it let itself be caught by the hand. Next Madhar produced another egg from beneath the basket—anyone could see that the latter was a thin, frail composition, without cover or false bottom. Then, after incantations, he raised the basket, and out strutted the first pigeon, and another exactly like it, and went pouting over to the spectators. Other things did Madhar Sahib, but none so striking. Peas under a thimble have before now exercised the finest intellects and baffled the greatest intelligence in England. Poolee, who came next, was a performer of extraordinary merit. After some tricks of no great novelty, but executed with much neatness, he converted himself into a magazine of horrors; took live scorpions, which he handled with impunity, out of his mouth; spat out stones as large as plums, one after another, or showed them between his lips, and swallowed them; then evolved from depths unknown, a carpenter's shop full of nails, large and small, and coils of string, until there was a pile of his product before the Prince.

ARE WE DEGENERATING.—Bayard Taylor says that the assertion that woman always held an inferior position to man, is glaringly false, for in ancient Egypt it is well known that women were honored and respected equally with men. Women often sat upon the throne and administered the affairs of government. There was also in Egypt a lofty appreciation of the marriage tie, and the wife's name was often placed before that of her husband, and the sons frequently before the names of the mothers instead of those of the fathers. It is impossible, he says, to look upon the statues of this period, and not feel what a high degree of culture was fairly claimed by the race. The surgical instruments are identical with those of the present day, and various household utensils the same. So it follows that the more woman is equalized with man in the affairs of life, the greater the degree of civilization.

HE who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon corns.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XII.

DR. PANGLOSS PRESCRIBES.

At Vinedell the distress that had lain like a cloud upon the house was replaced by a new source of trouble.

Ever since Harvey Benton had taken up his abode there a peculiar weakness in his movements had been observed, and an unwonted pallor upon his countenance. He had made no complaint, his mental powers were as active as ever, and he had assumed the duties of management at Vinedell with a vigor that taught the servants that they had still a master over them.

But while thus active mentally, his physical powers seemed to be gradually failing. In spite of his reticence it was plainly observable that some concealed illness was working upon him.

It was even remarked, and commented upon as a strange coincidence, that this weakness had commenced at the very time of the disappearance of Mr. Browning. Previous to that time he had been noted for strength and activity.

Whatever the cause of this affection he had either thought it of no importance, or had an object in concealing it. He had consulted no physician, and had laughed at the concerned inquiries of his friends.

But on the afternoon of Lovelace's arrest, there had been a sudden change in the condition of affairs.

Dr. Pangloss was called upon by a servant too frightened to give his message intelligibly. Some questioning elicited the fact that Mr. Benton, on alighting from his carriage, on his return from Dover, had suddenly fallen, striking his head on the stone step and injuring himself severely.

On lifting him up he was found to have no use of his limbs, though perfectly conscious. The opinion of the servant was that this helplessness was not the result, but the cause of his fall, as he had just dropped from the carriage step without any reason.

He was now lying helpless and, to all appearance, not more than half alive.

The doctor, alarmed by these tidings, lost no time in going to Vinedell. The patient lay on a sofa, breathing heavily, and in a partly insensible state. His hands and arms twitched convulsively, but the lower portion of his body was perfectly motionless.

Dr. Pangloss needed but a hasty examination to decide upon the cause of his fall and the meaning of these symptoms. He pronounced it a case of paralysis, affecting the whole lower portion of the body, while the arms, chest and head still retained their vitality, though slightly affected by the cause that had rendered his lower limbs lifeless.

There was little that could be done just then. The case was a very serious one, and the doctor shook his head doubtingly as he examined the various symptoms. The patient recovered his senses during this examination, and was able to answer the questions put to him by the physician.

At the end of these inquiries the doctor directed that he should be removed to bed, and ordered the various remedies and appliances usual at that stage of the disease.

On his departure he was accosted by a middle-aged lady, a sister of Mr. Benton, who had occupied the position of housekeeper in Mr. Browning's establishment, and still continued her supervising care.

"Is there any danger, doctor?" she anxiously inquired.

"In what way do you mean, madam?" asked the doctor. "There is no present danger to his life."

"Then there is danger of some kind?" she cried. "Tell me, doctor, what is your opinion of my poor brother's condition?"

At this moment the door opened and Mary Browning entered. She was very pale, and visibly trembling. She did not notice them at first, and was passing, when the doctor's hand was laid kindly upon her arm.

"What is the matter, my child?" he asked, with some concern. "Why, you are shaking like an aspen leaf."

"Doctor," she said, earnestly, a suspicion of tears in her eyes, "they have just arrested Mr. Lovelace!"

"Mr. Lovelace? What Mr. Lovelace? and for what have they arrested him?"

"Mr. John Lovelace. You must have heard of his return, and of his calling on my father in relation to his estate."

"I did hear something of the kind," said the doctor drily. "And for what did they arrest him? For imposture?"

"No. They charge him with the murder of my father."

"Whew!" was the half-whistling reply of the doctor to her words, which had been uttered in a piteous, quivering tone. "Well, I declare!" he continued. "On what grounds? What evidence have they against him? Or have you heard?"

"I know nothing," she replied, in the same pained tone. "I do not believe they have any evidence. I believe him to be as innocent as I am."

"As innocent as you, my child," said the doctor, looking kindly and somewhat admiringly upon her. "This man, if he is the person he claims to be, was a scapegrace in his youth, and has lived a roving and probably disreputable life. As innocent as a pure flower like you? Little you know of the ways of men."

"As innocent of my father's loss, I mean," she said, the tears now in her eyes.

"And why? What do you know of this person? You need not fear but that he will be justly dealt with."

"Every one does not get justice in this world!" she replied, firmly. "The innocent suffer—the guilty escape."

"But, doctor, you have not answered my question," said Mrs. Gilmore, pleadingly. "What do you think of my poor brother's condition?"

Miss Browning looked anxiously to the doctor for his answer, recollection of what the servant had told her just returning to her.

"I fear that the case is a very serious one," he replied. "I would be glad to give you hopes of his recovery if I had any myself, but I have grave doubts his regaining the use of his limbs. Yet we never know what careful nursing and a good constitution may do, and I hope you will not be depressed by a mere opinion. We can not be certain in any such case."

"Is it so very serious, doctor?" asked Miss Browning.

"The nerves of the lower limbs are paralyzed," he replied. "He may never walk again; but he will retain the use of his arms, and his mind will not be affected."

Miss Gilmore withdrew in silence, her hand to her eyes. She loved her brother dearly, and his sudden illness had been a greater blow to her than appeared in her manner.

"What is the cause of this severe attack, doctor?" asked Mary Browning, with some show of interest. "He has always seemed so strong and healthy."

"I am a little puzzled myself about the matter. I would never have dreamed of Harvey Benton becoming paralytic. There may have been some constitutional defect, unknown to me, but I thought I had a rather good idea of his make up. I am inclined to ascribe it to some injury he has received."

"Could an injury produce paralysis?"

"Yes. A serious injury to the spine might produce it instantaneously. This looks more like an injury to the brain, from which a loss of power in the nerves has only gradually developed itself."

"What kind of injury, doctor? A blow, or a fall, or something of that kind?"

"Most probably—and, by the way, it is strange that, as I hear said, this affection appeared first on the day after your father's disappearance. It is an odd coincidence."

Miss Browning did not appear to notice his words. The mere mention of her father had recalled the memory of her loss. With a heart oppressed with sudden sorrow, she silently closed the door after the old doctor, and passed slowly into the house.

Dr. Pangloss wore an expression as he entered his carriage, that it would have puzzled a physiognomist to decipher. There was plainly a new train of thought at work in his brain.

Mary Browning's face was paler and more sad, as she went back into the house, than such a youthful face had any right to be.

The fresh rose of her cheek was driven off by the pallid lily of grief; the happy light in her eyes was quenched with pain—too young in life had she learned that the crown of sorrow must at some time, in all lives, replace the laurel of triumph.

She felt regretful, now that suffering had come upon him, for her resentful feeling toward her uncle. She lost no time in going to his room. He lay stretched upon the bed, pale as a ghost almost, an expression on his lips as if he were striving to repress evidences of pain.

His eyes were wide open, and full of their usual intelligence. He greeted her in a cheerful tone as she approached, feebly holding out his hand to her.

The young girl's lips quivered, and tears sprang to her eyes as she gazed upon this wreck of the strong man she had known. She strove to speak to him with his own cheerfulness of tone, but she could not dismiss the traces of deep feeling from her voice.

For an hour she sat and talked with him, striving to render less heavy the burden of his affliction. Finally she mentioned the fact, that somehow kept painfully prominent in her mind, of the arrest of Mr. Lovelace on a charge of murder.

The eye of the sick man kindled with a sudden flash as he heard her. There was, unnoticed by her, an undefined but sinister expression that came for a moment on his face and then passed away.

She expressed herself, as she had done to the doctor, in favor of the innocence of the accused. In this opinion he appeared to agree with her.

"I don't see what charge can be brought against him," he said. "A stranger in Dover, with no possible cause of enmity against your father, and actuated by no thoughts of robbery, what reason can be assigned for such an action? No, no; I think that, when the mystery is unfolded, it will prove to have been far deeper than people imagine."

A look of deep interest in the development of this mystery marked his face as he spoke.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

A week had passed since John Lovelace was immured in prison on the dreadful charge of murder, and he had not yet had a hearing.

This was not the fault of the justice before whom his preliminary hearing should have been made. He was quite ready to give the prisoner an audience, and, let us add, quite prepared in his mind to commit him for trial.

Some idea of the preconceived opinion of Squire Manderfield, as the country justice was called, may have influenced Mr. Brown, the prisoner's counsel. He certainly applied for and obtained a postponement of the hearing, his plea being that he would be able to obtain evidence perfectly exculpating his client from any suspicion of crime.

Thus it was that Lovelace lay a week in prison awaiting a preliminary hearing on the charge against him. How he bore this immurement the reader may judge from the specimen of his impatience which we have already given.

Outside there were very varied opinions on the question of his guilt or innocence, the majority, however, inclining to the side of guilt.

He had one advocate who was warm in her opinion of his innocence, and in her expression of that belief.

Mary Browning had that clear judgment of character which sometimes springs from the possession of an unsullied nature. This judgment partakes more of the nature of attraction toward the pure, and repulsion from the vile, than of any action of the reasoning powers. But for this very reason its results are likely to be correct.

It may be that, in her case, some feeling of another kind mingled, unconscious to herself, with this source of judgment. Certain it is that, in the limited circle to which she was confined, she spoke ardently of her belief in his freedom from any connection with the mystery surrounding her father's disappearance.

In fact she felt strongly inclined to visit him in his prison cell, and there strive to assuage the bitterness of his confinement with one voice of sympathy. But the cooler counsel of Mrs. Gilmore dissuaded her from this rash proceeding.

Mr. Benton continued to express the same opinion of Mr. Lovelace's innocence, though, as he heard the various proofs advanced against him, his tone of assurance had a more doubtful ring.

On the day of the hearing before Squire Manderfield, the interest of all the citizens in this case was attested by the crowd assembled. The room was so thronged that the witnesses and the prisoner's counsel had scarce standing room.

The accused himself had a position back of the Squire's desk, where he sat with folded arms, gazing with a steady eye and unmoved countenance on the mass of people before him.

At times a faint smile crossed his countenance, as if his irrepressible sense of humor suggested to him something ludicrous in the assembly. These indications of levity, however, were instantly driven from his face, and a gravity more suited to the occasion assumed.

The people, in their turn, gazed upon him with varied expressions, accordingly as they believed him guilty, or thought it possible that the doubtful circumstances against him might yield to the shrewdness of his lawyer.

The witnesses for the Commonwealth were first heard. The circumstances, so far as they were known, were elicited, in regard to the disappearance of two of their fellow-citizens in a mysterious manner, and the reasons for believing that a murder had been committed.

There was a doubt expressed as to which of the two men had been murdered, and this doubt was not deepened by the testimony in relation to the finding of Mr. Browning's weapons, and Mr. Downey's blood-stained hat, and the evidence in regard to the carrying off of Downey in a carriage, as testified to by Mr. Sedley and the ditcher.

The facts, as so far elicited, rendered it very doubtful whether any murder had been committed, though the burden of the evidence seemed to favor the affirmative.

The next witness examined was a servant, who testified to the prisoner's erratic behavior at Vinedell, and the threatening words which he had openly addressed to Mr. Browning.

It was next shown that he had arrived that day only at the town, and had made a claim which would naturally produce ill-will between himself and Mr. Browning, since he had failed to substantiate it. The evidence of the person who had seen a man join George Downey in the field was given. He looked at the prisoner, but could not say whether or not he resembled the man in question. It was too dark to make him out.

It was proved by parties from the inn that their guest had left the house just before the hour mentioned, and had not returned until an hour or two afterwards.

The next witness called was Detective Fogg. He narrated their search in the meadows, and the various traces found of the presence of a suspicious party, of whom George Downey was one, either dead or a prisoner. He gave the reasons for believing that a struggle had taken place at the water-side, which was strengthened by the evidence of the ditcher as to the struggle at the carriage.

What all this indicated he did not pretend to say. It was but a portion of the general mystery. He went on to relate the finding of the handkerchief, and the suspicious fact of its being marked with the prisoner's initials.

The messenger boy was now called. He told how he had taken the idea from Mr. Benton's remark that there might be some weapon concealed under the water. He went on to relate how "me and the boys" had sought for this weapon, and had at length discovered it in the shape of a knife, which was produced, and identified by him as the one he had found.

A stir of curiosity took place in the court as this witness was examined. The fact of the finding of the knife was well known, but not all the circumstances connected with it. The weapon itself was an object of intense curiosity to the mass. It was, possibly, the instrument with which a murder had been committed, and as such was of supreme interest to a civilized community. Such is modern enlightenment!

The supposed blood spots on its blade were pointed out and closely examined, the initials noted as being those of the prisoner and the same as had been found on the handkerchief, and finally, the fact brought out that one of the hotel people had seen such a knife in his hands that day. They had not seen it since.

This adverse testimony was unexpectedly strengthened by the prisoner asking to see the weapon, rapidly examining it, and handing it back with the remark:

"Yes, that is my knife."

His counsel shot a glance of reproof and anger at him, but it was too late. The confession had been made, and he folded his arms and leaned back in his chair, glancing out upon the assembly with an easy, indolent glance that was not the boldness of reckless guilt, but that was actually devoid of fear.

The frank admission and his fearless bearing rather aided than injured him in the opinion of the assembly, despite the damaging nature of the testimony that had been given against him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

Mr. Brown had shrewdly questioned some of the witnesses so far examined, but he seemed disposed to leave his case to the special witnesses he designed to call.

He remarked, on commencing his direct examination, that there was a mystery connected with the knife which appeared to him, strongly like a conspiracy for the ruin of his client. Mr. Lovelace positively declared that the knife had been in his possession for a week after the time at which the prosecution claimed that it had been used to commit murder. He had openly displayed it in the presence of Mr. Benton, and they had hoped to obtain the testimony of the latter to this effect. But Mr. Benton could not remember having seen it. Mr. Brown ascribed this lack of memory to the serious nervous shock he had since received.

However, he hoped to be able to prove conspiracy from other testimony. A considerable interest was awakened by these preliminary remarks, and the people crowded even more closely in their eagerness to hear the testimony of his witnesses.

All the evidence, he said, which had been advanced by the prosecutors to justify the arrest of his client, were the facts that he had used the word beware in a conversation with Mr. Browning; that he had taken an after-supper walk; that a handkerchief had been found which had been hastily assumed to be his, and that a blood-stained knife had been discovered, of which he admitted the ownership.

Of all these points, the last only had any direct bearing upon the case, the others being mere accessory points, of no real strength in themselves. He would, however, consider them first, leaving the essential point of the knife for the close.

That there had been a struggle at the point where the party in the boat was supposed to have landed, there was strong reason to believe. The marks of two different feet had been measured in the mud. These marks had been compared with the boots worn by his client, and found not to correspond.

Neither did they correspond with the boots worn by Mr. Browning. The foot-mark of the man who was supposed to have struck the other a blow, somewhat resembled that of Mr. Downey in width, but of course they could not be certain in regard to such vague marks. The other foot mark had not been identified.

Witnesses were now examined, who testified to having seen the handkerchiefs in Mr. Lovelace's trunk, and that they were all of one kind, and differed from that found in the bushes.

At the demand of the justice these handkerchiefs were produced, and compared with the one mentioned. The essential difference in the marking was also pointed out, and the stencil plate produced by which the initials J. M. L. had been formed.

It was shown that the blood-stained handkerchief was a new one, while the stencil plate was well worn. In support of this, an affidavit from the maker was produced, declaring that he had made such a stencil plate for a person named John M. Loring, eighteen months previously.

The next point made was that the initials on the handkerchief not only differed from the others produced in being written instead of stamped, but in the M. being omitted, while it was inserted in every other case, and also in the handwriting of the letters being essentially different from that of the accused. Signatures of his were produced which established this point.

The case grew more and more interesting to the assemblage as this investigation continued. Squire Manderfield pushed up his spectacles and gazed at Mr. Brown in a manner that showed a growing conviction in his mind that the affair was deeper and wider than he had dreamed.

The next witness called added to this feeling of uncertainty in the Squire's mind.

Mr. Joseph Sedley, who had already given testimony for the prosecution, was again examined.

"You have publicly declared," said Mr. Brown, "that, on the occasion when you saw Mr. Downey in the carriage, you noticed a circumstance in regard to the person who seemed to be supporting him, which you declined to make public, under advice from Mr. Fogg. Your reticence was, no doubt, wise at that time. But now that a person is charged with a flagrant crime, every point of evidence must be made public that bears either directly or remotely on that crime. What was the character of this circumstance?"

"I would have had no objection to make it public at the time," he replied, "but Mr. Fogg thought that by so doing I might assist the criminal in his natural effort to conceal evidences of his crime."

"Which was very wise in Mr. Fogg," said the lawyer. "But now a superior reason exists for the making public of this fact. Relate what you saw."

There was a general stir as this remark was made, and a manifestation of eagerness for the answer.

"I saw," he replied, "a keen flash of light where the gleam from the street lamp fell. It came from the spot where the arm of the man showed under the head of Mr. Downey."

"A flash of light!" echoed the lawyer. "From what did it arise? Or were you able to determine?"

"I cannot impute it to anything but a diamond, on which the light of the lamp had fallen. I am quite sure that the man wore a diamond ring—or it may be possible that he had on jeweled sleeve buttons."

Mr. Brown calmly proceeded with the examination, calling detective Fogg to prove that in his search into Mr. Lovelace's effects no jewelry had been found. Several of the hotel people testified that they had not seen him wear any jewelry.

"It is thus becoming evident," said Mr. Brown, "that the third party, so frequently mentioned in this case, was not my client. Mr. Browning wears no diamond, and the jewel wearer must have been this third party. It is becoming a point of considerable interest now to discover a person who has been in this neighborhood within two weeks, who wears a diamond ring or button, whose boot fits a certain measurement which we have, and whose handwriting resembles that on a certain handkerchief. Also to try and learn where said handkerchief was purchased."

He now called the servant who had heard the threats of Lovelace to Mr. Browning. The exact words were elicited, and the fact of their being spoken in a theatrical manner. It was therefore probable that this was but a portion of his eccentricity. He was known to be in the habit of making odd theatrical quotations.

It was next shown that in all probability Mr. Lovelace had no acquaintance with Downey. The latter had long been an inhabitant of the town, while Mr. Lovelace had just appeared there that day, and, as there was strong evidence to prove, had not been in Mr. Downey's office. It was, then, exceedingly improbable that he would have met the operator, an utter stranger to him, in the meadow, and taken part with him in this mysterious crime.

The knife was now produced, and it was shown that the name on the shield completely filled it, so that it would have been impossible to get another letter, of the same size as those used, upon it. This, Mr. Brown thought, disposed of the coincidence between the J. L. on the knife and the same letters on the handkerchief.

The next witness called gave an utterly new aspect to the case, and quite overwhelmed those who had felt determined to believe in the prisoner's guilt.

This witness was Dr. Pangloss. He testified to having examined the knife, and made a chemical investigation of the supposed blood upon it.

"What is your opinion of the probable effect of throwing the knife into the water immediately after using it to commit murder? Would not the blood have been washed off?"

"Undoubtedly. A slight stain might have remained on the handle, but not probable."

"What, then, do you think was the condition of this apparent blood at the time the knife was thrown into the water?"

"It must have been in a clotted state; probably dried, or nearly so."

"How long do you suppose the knife was in the water, judging from the condition of the blade?"

"A few hours, or a day; I think not longer."

The intense excitement of the people was greatly increased by this unlooked-for evidence.

"You say you have tested the marks upon the blade?"

"I have."

"With what result? Are they human blood?"

"No. They are blood, but not that of a man."

A loud murmur of astonishment was aroused by this decided answer.

"Are you satisfied of this?"

"Quite."

"To what animal then do you ascribe the blood?"

"It is the blood of a bird, not of a quadruped. It is impossible to declare what species of bird."

Squire Manderfield uttered an exclamation of surprise and incredulity.

"How do you know this?" he asked, impulsively.

"From the microscopic appearance of the blood discs. These minute bodies, which are found in all blood, are of a round shape in men, and in nearly all quadrupeds. In birds they are oval."

"And in this case?"

"Plainly oval. There is no doubt that the blood is nearly or quite all that of some bird. It is positively not human blood."

A loud murmur rose from the audience as they felt that the innocence of the accused was established by this answer. Dr. Pangloss was known to be a skillful scientist.

Squire Manderfield started up in his chair, and with a vigorous exclamation cried:

"The man is as innocent as I am! There is some deep conspiracy afloat to ruin him! The handkerchief has been placed where it was found, the knife has been stolen from him, stained with the blood of some dead bird, and thrown overboard, for the purpose of carrying out this deep-laid and abominable scheme. A great responsibility rests upon us, gentlemen. It is our duty to make every effort to unfold this mystery. The party who has manœuvred this conspiracy is, no doubt, a party to the murder which we suspect having taken place. Several important facts have been discovered which bear directly upon the matter. The scheme has been well concealed, but it may be in our powers to unfold it, or to reach some definite conclusion from these circumstances. As for Mr. Lovelace, who has been accused of such a deep crime, it is my verdict that he is an innocent and deeply injured man."

The shout that arose at this remark was followed by some farther remarks from Mr. Brown, who went on to describe the object of Mr. Lovelace's appearance in their town, the fact of his having left important documents in Mr. Browning's hands, and of their subsequent utter disappearance. This strange fact but added to the depth of the mystery which had grown up around this case. Might it not eventually aid, in connection with the other circumstances, in effecting a discovery?

Lovelace was among the auditors by this time, and being eagerly shaken by the hand by men who, ten minutes before, had believed him guilty of murder.

But a new surprise awaited them, a greater one than they had yet encountered, a fact that doubly darkened again the mystery which they had believed slowly clearing away in the light of discovery.

A person from the street came pushing excitedly into the room, breathless with haste, and with the urgency of his tidings.

"What is the matter?" cried the justice, sharply.

"The body of a murdered man has just been found in the creek, four miles below here."

"Whose body? And how murdered?" exclaimed the justice, excitedly rising to his feet.

"The body of George Downey, the missing telegraph operator, murdered by a knife stab through the heart!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

Success is never achieved without merit. A man may make a poor article and sell it at once, and there being 40,000,000 people in the United States, the sale to each one would be enough to make a decent fortune. But an article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it, because we know the doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with.

This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work easily their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded.

If you would patronize medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled physician and chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, blood-cleansing, and an unequaled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by the druggists.

20 ½ *YEARS A SUFFERER—CURED BY THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.*

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. I was attended by doctors in Liverpool, Havre, New Orleans, New York, and at the hospital on Staten Island (where the doctors wanted to take one leg off). Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars, I was persuaded to try your Golden Medical Discovery; and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am at home nearly every evening, and shall be glad to satisfy any person of the truth of this information.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
WILLIAM RYDER,
87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

RECEIPTS.

WHITE lead, ground in oil, is an excellent application for saddle chafes or harness or yoke galls, on horses or cattle.

TO remove ink stains from white marble, make a paste with a little chloride of lime and water, and rub it into the stains; afterwards sponge with soap and water.

A SMALL piece of paper or linen, moistened with the spirits of turpentine and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservative against moths.

FROSTED FEET.—To relieve the intense itching of frosted feet, dissolve a lump of alum in a little water, and bathe the part with it, warming it before the fire. One or two applications is sure to give relief.

COLD FEET.—Cold feet are the precursors of consumption. To escape them, warm your feet well in the morning, and covering the sole with a piece of common paper, carefully draw on the sock, and then the boot or shoe.

FOR CROUP.—Take a knife or grater, and grate or shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Its effects will be truly magical, as almost instantaneous relief will be afforded.

BRONCHITIS.—A simple, but oftentimes efficacious remedy, is this. It may afford relief: Syrup of tolu, one ounce; syrup of squills, half an ounce; wine of ipecac, two drachms; paregoric, three drachms; mucilage of gum arabic, one and a half ounces. Mix. Take a teaspoonful three times a day.

WEAK EYES.—Bathe your eyes night and morning in a tolerably strong solution of salt and water. We have known some remarkable cures effected by this simple remedy. After bathing the eyes daily for about a week, intermit a day or two, and then resume the daily bathing, and so on till your eyes get strong again.

THE *Scientific American* gives the following receipt for the manufacture of writing ink: Twelve ounces nutgalls, eight ounces each sulphate of indigo and copperas, a few cloves, four or five ounces gum arabic, for a gallon of ink. The addition of the sulphate of indigo renders the ink more permanent and less liable to mould. It is blue when first written with, but soon becomes an intense black.

MOTHS will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in the winter as well as in the summer. A sure method of removing the pests is to pour strong slum-water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.

TO MAKE HAIR CURL.—The method employed by professional workers in hair is as follows: Wet the hair to be curled, wrap it smoothly around a cylindrical stick or tube of proper size, tie it in place, then put it in water and boil it two or three hours, remove it from the boiler, wrap it carefully in a newspaper and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour. Thus treated it will stay in curl permanently.

To prevent flat-irons from rusting, melt a quarter of an ounce of camphor and half a pound of fresh hog's lard over a slow fire, take off the scum, and mix as much black lead with the composition as will bring it to the color of iron. Spread this over the articles for which it is intended. Let it lie for twenty-four hours, and then rub it well with a dry linen cloth. Or smear the iron over with melted suet, and dust thereon, some pounded unslacked lime from a muslin bag. Cover the irons with baize in a dry place when not in use.

TO CLEAN OLD PORK BARRELS.—Old pork barrels, whether tainted or sweet, should be thoroughly cleansed before being used for new pork. A very simple and effectual method is to put in a peck of strong wood ashes and a couple of pails of water, and let it stand a day or two; then scour thoroughly with a stiff corn broom. The lye will take hold of all the greasy particles with which it comes in contact, and the ashes, water and broom will, if vigorously used, leave them as sweet as new barrels. Rinse in cold water to remove all the ashes, then pour boiling water all around the sides and wash clean; now rinse again in cold water and the work is done.

THERE has never been found a person who tried Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), that did not say at once, it was the best soap she ever used. Try it once, you'll always use it.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Fifty tons of meat are daily sent to London from New York.

—The girls in the public schools at Rome are taught lace making.

—The famous old elm tree in Boston Commons was blown down by a recent storm.

—The late William B. Astor owned 2,500 houses and building lots in New York city.

—Drunkenness of one year's continuation has been made sufficient cause for divorce by the Ohio Senate.

—A New York newspaper estimates that the crowded horse cars in that city give steady employment to one thousand pickpockets.

—The inventor of fine cut chewing tobacco is said to have been a lady of New York who flourished about half a century ago.

—The four largest hotels in the United States may be named as the Palace, San Francisco; Palmer, Chicago; Windsor and Fifth Avenue, New York.

—The Congressional Library contains 303,507 volumes, and is increasing at the rate of about 1,500 per month. During the thirteen months ending January 1st, 1876, 15,297 copy-rights were issued.

—Mrs. Livermore says there are 5,500,000 superfluous women in this country, but they want seal-skin sacques, pull-back silks, four-button kids, and striped stockings just the same as if they weren't superfluous.

—There is in Germany an establishment for drying eggs. It is called a condensed egg factory. The new process dries the egg and reduces it to a fine powder. The material is to be introduced into the London market.

—Our consular and diplomatic service in China cost last year $30,000, that of Great Britain $280,600; England has the trade. Our service in Japan cost $15,000; English from $60,000 to $80,000; the English have the trade.

—A monthly journal edited and managed by spirits, and called *The Voice of Angels*, has just made its appearance in Boston, which it is presumed is nearer speaking-distance to their abode than any other city in the land.

—A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby-carriages in use now, while when he was a baby they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

—The Dutch are about to commence operations for draining the Zuyder Zee, which has been a gulf of the German Ocean for six hundred years. The Haarlem papers talk of submerged cities which will be brought to view; so that there is a spice of romance infused into the undertaking, reminding one of the legend respecting Lough Neagh, so exquisitely enshrined in undying poetry by Moore.

—In San Francisco the temperature of January is but six or eight degrees colder than in July. From 9 A. M. to 3 or 4 P. M. the day is usually clear and comfortably warm, when cold winds set in from the Pacific, frequently driving before them the densest of fogs, and one is penetrated to the bone with the cold and humidity of the atmosphere. The winds prevail until 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, when it again turns warm, and the night, especially if it be clear and moonlight until 12 o'clock, is as balmy as can be desired. Then comes another change; the temperature is lower and the city is enveloped in fog until late in the morning.

There is no Excuse

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurement which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1871

Saturday Evening, March 18, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—522 *Richmond St.*,
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NOTICE.

We have received a number of subscriptions of three dollars each from persons whom the information of the reduction in the price of the Post had not reached. To all such we would here give notice that they have been credited with eighteen months' subscription.

ENTHUSIASM.

There is something wonderfully attractive in the enthusiasm of bright honest, earnest youth. And contagious too, and as one comes in contact with it, he cannot but grieve that too often it goes down in the hard battle of life before repeated disappointment and failures. When tempered and guided by the experience of riper manhood it becomes a most powerful engine for good.

Few men ever rose to eminence in any profession without it. Take for instance a physician. Will a moderate love for his profession ever carry him beyond mediocrity in it? A fair share of success may attend his labors, but he will never distance all competitors and win the race. But only inspire him with enthusiasm in it, and you shall see how an untiring industry and energy shall open the sealed doors that baffle another's seeking, and lead him into the broad corridors beyond. How he concentrates his thought, dives after hidden causes, groups facts, even remote incidents in their proper order, until the whole theory of a disease is accurately marked out before him. His clear eye sees at once the connection between symptoms that seem to have no possible relation to each other or to any one disease, and this wonderful network of the human frame seems as plain to him as if it were turned inside out.

Would the scientists who have turned the world upside down with their theories and discoveries ever have accomplished what they have done if enthusiasm had not led them on untiringly in their researches?

No finer, nobler instance can be cited than Prof. Agassiz. What patient thoroughness of investigation! What passionate devotion to *truth!* what reverent recognition of a Supreme Power governing all the great forces of the universe! A sad day for the world when that noble head was laid low in death, and the nobler heart that had beat so long and so truly in the interests of science was hushed forever.

And what a rare example of unflinching devotion to one's self-appointed life-work has Dr. Livingstone left the world. In the interests of science and the higher interests of humanity, how he persevered in the face of obstacles that would have utterly quenched all ordinary enthusiasm. The treachery of natives, the deadly miasma of those African marshes, the fierce heat of a torrid sun, and the hunger of the best affections of a noble nature for the dear delights of family and home had no power to turn him from his chosen task. His zeal only went out with his last breath. He never yielded but to Death, the conqueror of all. It was fitting that England should have brought back with such honors, this intrepid, heroic missionary explorer and laid him to rest with her most illustrious dead.

Enthusiasm lends wings to principle. Straight onward-unswervingly will principle take a truly noble mind, but inspire it with enthusiasm and it is like putting spurs to a mettled steed.

USES OF ASSOCIATION.

If young men are wisely influenced and directed, and conscientiously exert their own free energies, they will seek the society of those better than themselves, and strive to imitate their example. In companionship with the good, growing natures will find their best nourishment; while companionship with the bad will only be fruitful in mischief.

Intercourse with even commonplace, selfish persons may prove injurious by inducing a reserved and selfish condition of mind, more or less opposed to true manliness and breadth of character. The mind soon learns to run in small grooves, the heart grows narrow and contracted, and the moral nature becomes weak irresolute and vacillating. On the other hand, association with persons wiser, better, and more experienced than ourselves is always invigorating and inspiring. They increase our own knowledge of life. We enlarge our field of observation through their eyes, profit by their experience, and learn not only from what they have enjoyed, but—which is still more instructive—from what they have suffered.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. B. WHARTON.

PART X.

THE EARLY DAWN OF LIBERTY.

"Come, East, and West, and North,
By ranks, as snow flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes."
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

After the "French and Indian Wars," the Thirteen Colonies for some years enjoyed peace within their borders, if not contentment. Gradually, for among nations, such ideas always seem to develop little by little, following the analogy of nature—the Colonists began to awaken to the consciousness that they were not a free people, but mere slaves to the whims and petty tyrannies of whatever king might chance to be upon the British throne—be he Dutch or English. Once acknowledging this fact, the shackles of their bondage pressed more sorely, particularly as the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that the American Colonies should be heavily taxed to help pay off the British debt, incurred, in part, during the late war, to which the Colonies had contributed their quota in men and money. Being required to pay taxes to the English government, they pleaded their right to be represented, and failing that representation, to be free from taxation.

George III sat on the British throne at the time when the murmurs arose, which finally grew so loud that they reached across the wide ocean and penetrated to his sacred presence. He, however, turned to them that deaf ear that kings are wont to find so convenient, although some of the ablest statesmen of the realm listened to the appeal of the Colonists, and acknowledged that they only cried for justice, and should be heeded.

This the king was not prepared to do, but when these murmurs grew so loud that he could no longer pretend to be deaf to them, instead of conciliating these unnatural children (?) who cried out for "bread," this most Christian monarch went in direct opposition to the words of Scripture by giving them a "stone" in the form of the Stamp Act, which proved to be the rock upon which the British power in America was subsequently shivered to atoms.

By this law, passed in 1765, all deeds, receipts, and legal documents were required to be written on stamped paper, sold by the tax-collectors. Such a law prevailed in England at this time, and its extension to the Colonies would not have been unjust, had not the money thus collected gone to enrich the coffers of a government to which they were allowed to send no representative.

"No taxation without representation" became the cry throughout the Colonies, rousing in the breasts of her sons their dormant love of liberty, and even appealing to the sense of justice of liberal-minded men on the other side of the water. Colonel Barre, who had taken part with the Colonists in their late war, spoke boldly in favor of their liberties, while the venerable Earl of Chatham, who had entered heart and soul with them in their struggle against the French, rose up in Parliament and said, "I rejoice that America has resisted." But all the power of his eloquence and the weight of his character brought to bear upon this important subject failed to move the obstinate king. Pitt, "wise in his generation," not only felt generous pulsations in his heart toward the young country, but recognized the fact that, if the Colonies were not properly dealt with, they would be lost irrevocably to the Crown. A sterner warning than that was needed to appeal to to the majesty of England. Across the water, the voice of a people had gone up in an eager way for justice. Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Assembly, in May, 1765, by his famous speech against the Stamp Act kindled the torch of liberty and sent its paans ringing through the land. James Otis, who had already opposed the arbitrary laws of Great Britain, the two Adams, and John Hancock in Massachusetts, caught up the refrain of the song whose burden was "No taxation without representation," and giving it new impetus, sent it sounding through New England—meet land for such music.

John Dickinson, in Pennsylvania, and Robert Livingston, in New York, raised their voices against the Stamp Act, while Rutledge and Gadsden, in far-off South Carolina, caught the echoes and swelled the chorus.

All through the Colonies, the houses of the stamp-officers were destroyed and their owners burned in effigy by the excited populace. To crown all, a Congress was convened at New York, at which nine of the Colonies were represented, and where a declaration of their rights and grievances was drawn up and addressed to the king.

Was not all this "a pretty dish to set before the king," especially with such men as Pitt, Barre, Camden, and our own good Dr. Franklin to present it at court and recommend the unsavory mess to the royal palate? It is generally believed, although not formally recorded in history, that George III made a wry face at this juncture, which is not surprising, as he would naturally have more fancy for Dutch cookery than for such an Anglo-American sauce as this. However, his majesty made a pretence of swallowing the dose, as the Stamp Act was repealed soon after, to the great joy of the Colonists, who felt that their rights were now secured to them.

How bitter a disappointment met them more than a year later, when Parliament imposed a heavy tax upon all tea, paper, paint, glass, and lead brought into the Colonies. Troops were stationed in New York and Boston, to enforce the laws and keep the people quiet, but those in the latter city made themselves so obnoxious to the inhabitants that several quarrels ensued, and finally an engagement known in history as the Boston Massacre.

Meanwhile the Colonists protested that they would do without imported goods rather than pay the taxes, being seconded in this brave resolve by their wives and daughters, who made garments out of none but homespun materials, and even manufactured tea from sage and other plants—unpalatable perhaps, but with a sweet drop of independence in its composition!

So sensibly did this course affect the trade of the British merchants that they made a formal protest to the government, and the tax was taken off everything but tea.

Some large ship-loads of this article were sent to America in 1773. The Bostonians declared that the tea should not be landed upon their wharves, and insisted that the obnoxious cargo should be returned to his Majesty, with the compliments of his American subjects—they were not drinking tea just at that time—nothing more; there was no thought of war *then*. The royal governor was petitioned by the Colonists to send the vessels back to England.

Refusing this, Samuel Adams rose and said:

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

A warhoop was instantly heard, and a number of men, disguised as Indians, boarded the three tea-ships, and threw their valuable cargo of three hundred and forty chests into the water. This very unconvivial "Boston tea-party" took place December 16, 1773, and when it was over the unbidden guests quietly dispersed and took off their war-paint and feathers.

New York and Philadelphia would have followed in the footsteps of Massachusetts, had not the captains of the tea-ships consented to return peaceably to England and save their cargo. In Charleston the tea was landed, and being stored in damp cellars, was destroyed, while in Annapolis it was burnt.

Still war was not declared, although the people were drawing together more and more closely in their common purpose to resist British tyranny, a union further cemented by the passage of the Boston Port Bill.

This measure was intended as a sort of moral spanking to the refractory child, Massachusetts; it served, however, to raise her honest indignation, and to bring all her sister colonies around her with their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

A second general Congress was convened in Philadelphia, and the day on which the bill passed into effect, June 1, 1774, was observed in some of the Colonies as a day of public mourning. Bells were tolled solemnly, as for the dead—prophetic, though few eyes could penetrate the mists beclouding that early dawn, of a morning not far distant when the joyful sound of a bell should "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

Earthworks were raised on the Boston Neck, and "minute men" drilled by the old soldiers of the "French and Indian War," although John Adams advised the Colonists "to avoid war, if possible—if possible!"

We can readily imagine the excitement prevailing in the Colonies at this time—how, wherever two or three men were met together, they fell to discussing the question of the hour—peace or war? How men like Patrick Henry, Otis, and others, fanned the popular enthusiasm to a flame, while many who enjoyed the emoluments of government offices, and were satisfied to let the country jog along as best she could, strove "to pour oil on the troubled water."

In the midst of all this a Provincial Congress was organized in Massachusetts, arms and ammunition collected and stored at Concord and Worcester, almost under the eyes of General Gage, the royal governor.

British troops continued to pour into Boston, and the Colonists, feeling that some action was imminent, appointed a special watch and agreed, in case of any danger of a body of troops leaving the town, that a signal lantern should be hung out from the north church tower.

We have all read of how this light appeared on the night of April 18, 1775, and of that famous ride of Paul Revere, when—

"Through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night"—

to call the Americans to arms, for the British were advancing.

So quickly the cry sped, that when Major Pitcairn passed through Lexington early the next morning, on his way to Concord to capture the military stores there, he was surprised to find sixty or seventy of the militia waiting to receive him. These were dispersed without much trouble, however, and pushing on to Concord, the British succeeded in destroying the military stores that the people had not already secured.

They were not destined to return to Boston as easily as they had come, for the whole country had been roused, and men came hurrying from all directions, with guns in their hands, ready to dispute the triumphant progress of the red coats.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled"—

the victory of Lexington opening the War of the Revolution.

INFLUENCE OF GEORGE III

The fatal objection to the hereditary principle in the government of nations is the importance which, to use Mr. Jefferson's words, it "heaps upon idiots." Idiot is a harsh word to apply to a person so well disposed as George III, King of England, to whom the violence of the Revolutionary period was chiefly due; but when we think of the evil and suffering from which Europe could have been saved if he had known a little more or been a little less, we can not be surprised that contemporaries should have summed him up with disrespectful brevity. But for him, the period of bloody revolution could have been a period of peaceful reform. After exasperating his subjects nearly to the point of rebellion, he precipitated the independence of the American Colonies, which, in turn, brought on the French Revolution, and that issued in Napoleon Bonaparte, whose sins France only finished expiating at Sedan.

It is true, there must have been in Great Britain myriads upon myriads of such heads as that of King George to make his policy possible. But suppose that instead of placing himself at the head of the dull minds in his empire, he had given the prestige of the crown to the bright and independent souls! Suppose he had taken as kindly to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, Priestley, and Barre as he did to Bute, Dr. Johnson, Addington, and Eldon!—*Harper's Mag.*

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY JAMES VICK.

The Yo-sem-i-te Valley is but a little valley, although its fame has extended over the civilized world—only six to eight miles in length, and varying from half a mile to a mile in width; yet for beauty and sublimity it stands unrivaled. It is surrounded by granite rocks, in some places nearly perpendicular, in many they are quite so, in others the summits overhanging the base, and varying from two to four thousand feet in height. Through this valley flows a river called the Merced, or River of Mercy. This river is fed by water from the melting snows of the surrounding mountains, which finds its way to the valley by four or five rivers. As the crystal waters leap from the mountain tops to the valley, in some cases two thousand feet in one perpendicular fall, in others by a succession of falls and rapids three thousand feet, the glory of berries and raspberries are cultivated to some extent, for the purpose of supplying the hotels. The Indians are quite successful in securing trout from the river, so visitors have no difficulty generally in obtaining a good breakfast. There are three very comfortable hotels in the valley, not supplied, of course, with all the luxuries of an Eastern hotel, but good enough to satisfy every reasonable tourist, especially when it is considered that every article of food and furniture is brought into the valley on pack-mules, down difficult and often dangerous mountain trails. How billiard-tables and other heavy articles made the descent is more than we can imagine. The little engraving will give our readers some idea of mountain travel. In this way we entered the valley, and afterwards traversed the mountain for seven glorious days.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The Yosemite of course formed a part of the public domain and belonged to the General Government. Several persons had settled in the valley, and claimed possession by "squatter right." The State of California wished it to be preserved as a State Park. It was accordingly given to California for this purpose. The "settlers" insisted on their rights, and took legal means to sustain them, but were defeated. The State, however, generously appropriated a sum of money and appointed commissioners

DESCENDING THE MOUNTAINS.

to settle with these persons for any damage they might sustain. The Yosemite Valley, therefore, is now a State Park, and those who occupy hotel buildings, etc., are tenants of the State.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDINGS READY.

Nearly three months prior to the opening day of the Centennial Exhibition, four of the principal buildings devoted to the exhibits of our own country and the rest of the world are completed and ready for the reception of the goods of exhibitors. These are the Main Building, covering more than twenty acres of land; the Machinery Hall, covering thirteen acres of land; Horticultural Hall, covering nearly two acres; and the United States Government Building. Agricultural Hall and the fire-proof Art Gallery are nearly ready.

Here are buildings covering about thirty-six acres of land completed and, we repeat, ready for the reception of exhibitors' goods, and already having considerable consignments of articles for exhibition in store upon their floors, nearly three months prior to the opening day. We venture to say that so much has never been accomplished heretofore in the history of international exhibitions—and all this before one dollar of Government aid has been received, except for the erection of its own special building, which is a small one, compared with the others. But the purpose of these remarks is not so much to show what can be accomplished in this quiet and "slow city" of Philadelphia, as it is to emphasize the fact for the benefit of exhibitors—especially our home exhibitors—that the great buildings *are* ready for their use, and that it will be necessary for them to understand that they have now something over *two* months within which to forward their goods and articles and get them arranged in good style for exhibition. Are the exhibitors ready? Will they be as prompt and as forehanded in the matter of time as the Centennial authorities and their builders have been?

Most of the foreign commissions and exhibitors will be, we have no doubt. They have been actively attending to their business for months. Already there are consignments of foreign goods here from Swedish, Norwegian, English, Egyptian and Japanese exhibitors. Steamships and other vessels are now either loading up in the ports of all the principal industrial countries of the world, or else are on their way to this country with goods from those countries for exhibition.

Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, as well as Central and South America, are either here in part already, or else are moving here. Spain has her fixtures up in the Main Exhibition Building, ahead of any of our own people, as she is in this particular in advance of all the rest of the world, although Great Britain has completed her own special buildings *outside* of the Main Building.

Such is the situation with the foreign commissions. They are in motion to utilize the days between now and the 26th of April, which is the limit of time within which articles can be received in order to have them placed properly prior to the 10th of May. Again, then, it may be asked if the mass of the American exhibitors are in readiness for motion, now when the great buildings are ready for their reception and occupancy? Do they give sufficient force to the fact that not less than two hundred and fifty thousand large packages of goods and articles are to be received by railroads at the Exhibition grounds *in the next nine or ten weeks*, and are to be unloaded and distributed to their proper places over the surface of fifty acres of buildings?

Have they contemplated what this means when translated into terms of transportation and of handling goods? It means the transportation, unloading, handling, distribution and placing of more than six thousand car loads of goods—an aggregate train of forty-five miles—an average of a hundred car loads a day for sixty days—two hundred car loads a day for thirty days—three hundred car loads a day for twenty days.

The Centennial Board have the completest arrangements ever made in any country for the reception, unloading, distribution and placing of the goods for exhibition, and can handle, without confusion, more goods than were ever handled in any equivalent space of time. They are as far in advance with this as they have been in advance in the completion of the buildings. Yet still the American as well as the foreign exhibitors should get into motion at once, for the Exhibition Buildings are ready, and *are now waiting for them to move.*

—*Phila. Ledger, Feb.* 21, 1876.

THAT standard literary journal, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, continues its prosperous career. It is the oldest paper of the kind in America, and one of the best. Its serials, short stories and miscellaneous articles are all interesting, and their tone is invariably pure, thus fitting it in an admirable degree for home circle reading. The price of the POST has been reduced to $2 a year, and five cents per copy, making it the cheapest story paper in the country.

—*Philadelphia Herald.*

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy, but, when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, is the oldest literary paper in America. The subscription price, it is announced, has been reduced to two dollars per year, and single copies will hereafter be sold at five cents each; making the paper, it is claimed, the cheapest of its kind in the United States.

—*Press, Phila.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has commenced a new story by the author of "East Lynne," and reduced its price to two dollars a year—increased attractions at reduced rates.—*Daily Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

THE price of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been reduced to $2 a year, and five cents per copy, making it the cheapest paper of the kind in the country.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE price of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been reduced to $2 a year, making it the cheapest, as it is the best of the weeklies. Single copies five cents.

—*Evening Chronicle, Phila.*

THE price of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been reduced to $2 a year, and five cents per copy.—*Evening Star Phila.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE names of 39 commissioners appear in the revised list which has just appeared of National Commissioners. Thirty-seven nationalities are given; which are more than have ever been represented in any other exhibition.

DELAWARE will in a few days begin the erection of her building on the Centennial grounds. Its dimensions will be 90 by 75 feet, with a height of 50 feet from the ground to the top of the cupola. It will contain a public hall, a room for ladies, one for gentlemen and several others forming the Commissioners' Department.

In addition to the orchestra now being organized by Theodore Thomas to perform at the opening exercises of the Exposition, it is announced that Bilse's celebrated orchestra of Berlin, instead of going to St. Petersburg this summer, as has been its custom, will cross the Atlantic to make things still more lively at the Exposition.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., will send to the Exposition groups of life-size wax statuary, among which will be forty eight figures in full Continental costume, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence; also figures representing the death of Warren, the capture of Ticonderoga, and the treason of Arnold.

THE patriotism of the Bay City Light Guards, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, has risen to such a degree that they are determined to march all the way from there to the Exposition, a distance by rail of one thousand and thirty-three miles. They will start about the 25th of May, and they expect to make the trip in forty-one marching days.

THE Atlas Hotel is an extensive building, containing 1,500 rooms, fronting 160 feet on Fifty-second street, and extending back 1,085 feet, and to be two stories in height. The site is in the open fields. It is intended to accommodate the school teachers and societies of the different States, with whom arrangements are being made, and who require accommodations at small expense.

THE gas fixtures in the Horticultural Hall will consist of four sixty-light chandeliers, thirty-two three-light brackets, four eight-light chandeliers, two three light chandeliers, eight six-light standard and numerous single lights. The work will be finished in the Moorish style, to correspond with the architecture and ornamentation of the building.

THE nearer the Japanese dwelling approaches completion the more do the builders appear to acclimatize themselves. Several have discarded their tunics and tights and adopted United States costumes instead; others have somewhere raised upon venerable stove-pipe hats and annexed jugs to them of gray cotton flannel to keep their ears warm these sharp mornings.

THE Centennial Fire Brigade is now thoroughly organized, and will comprise about two hundred men during the Exposition. Forty of them are stationed at the headquarters of Chief Marshal Smith, in one of the eastern towers of Machinery Hall. A dozen or more fire engines, the gifts of competing manufacturers, will arrive on the grounds within a few days. The fire-alarm arrangement is not yet in order. The plan of working will be the same as that of the city department.

P. WARE, JR., ESQ., vice-president of the Boston Chess Club, has forwarded circulars to the Governors of States and Territories, inviting them to donate a prize, to be called the Governors' prize, to be awarded at the chess tournament in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. The sum of $1,500 has been subscribed, and $3,500 now are needed to complete the sum required to make the tournament a success. Should the necessary funds be contributed, the committee are assured that several of the finest players of Europe will be present.

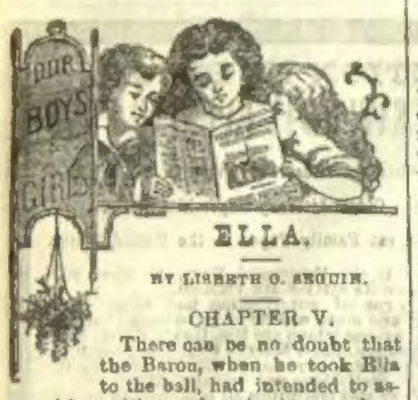
THE Supreme Lodge of the World, Knights of Pythias, have issued a circular to all the grand jurisdictions in the United States, ordaining that the next session of the Supreme Lodge shall be held in Philadelphia, beginning on the fourth Tuesday of August, 1876. The subordinate lodges of this Supreme Lodge are authorized to attend the Centennial Celebration during the session of the Supreme Lodge as lodges, and in uniform for parade. The grand lodges of the various grand jurisdictions are requested to issue like authority to the subordinate lodges within their respective jurisdictions, a large number of which are already organizing uniform divisions.

THE numerous articles which the authorities of the British Museum are about to purchase from Signor Castellani are now exhibiting in the galleries of the Department of Antiquities, and comprise a considerable proportion of most beautiful, rare and valuable objects, at once examples of art and relics of great historical and ethnological interest. Of course, the goldsmiths' works are the most desirable additions to the collection. About these there is but one opinion possible—that is, that the acquisition is of immense interest, and in every way likely to be welcome. The least important are the sculptures; yet the bearded Bacchus is a fine thing of its kind.

THE building for the Japanese display at the Centennial Exposition is rapidly going up in the hands of Japanese workmen. The carpenters have an odd way of working, and to our carpenters, a most unhandy set of tools. Their saws look like butcher's cleavers with long handles; they plane their lumber by drawing the tool towards them, using no "bench," as we do, but hold the board or whatever else it may be between their knees. For a spirit-level they used, at first, two tumblers of water or some other liquid, and sighting. But now they have substituted the spirit-level for the tumblers of water, and they also use our hatchets now. But their work is just perfection. With a crowd all the time around they work away industriously, jabbering between themselves all the time. Doubtless they will find among our tools many that will be an improvement on their own.

THE Centennial Committee of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union has decided to place around the circular basin of the Centennial Fountain, seven medallion heads sculptured in marble of the following named generals and civilians of the Revolution: 1. Lafayette, born in France, friend and companion of Washington. 2. Madame Lafayette, also born in France, celebrated for her patriotism and earnest support of the American colonists in their struggle for freedom. 3. Comte de Grasse, born in France, commander of the French fleet which assisted at the capture of Cornwallis, at Yorktown. 4. Count Pulaski, commander of Pulaski's Legion; he was killed at the attack on Savannah. 5. Col. Stephen Moylan, born in Ireland, aid-de-camp to Gen. Washington, and commander of the famous Moylan's Dragoons, a Pennsylvania organization. 6. Thomas Fitzsimons, born in Ireland, member of the Colonial Congress, noted for his ardent support of the colonial cause. 7. Kosciusko, born in Poland, distinguished for his military services in the Revolution, and famous in the world's history for his heroic efforts to gain liberty for Poland.

A STUPENDOUS CENTENNIAL BUST.—A recent number of *La Stafetta*, an Italian journal, informs us that the Italian sculptor, Pietro Guarnerio, of Milan, who won a prize at the Viennese Exposition for two groups of his which were purchased by the Emperor of Austria, and repetitions of which were afterwards ordered by the Emperor of Germany, has now in hand a most wonderful bust of Washington. Signor Guarnerio, it appears, understands it to be the intention of our Centennial Commissioners to erect a single building covering an area of 2,578,000 square metres, and representing therefore a length of more than one statute mile on each side, together with a tower to be of thrice the height of the so-called "Tower of Babel," of the Cathedral of Milan, or, in round numbers, about 1,075 feet. Naturally enough Signor Guarnerio has come to the conclusion that anybody who expects any work of his to be so much as visible in so vast an edifice, the like of which, he justly observes, "has never been seen before on earth that we know of," must put himself to unusual pains in the way of conception and execution. So Signor Guarnerio is now engaged in making a colossal bust of the Father of our Country "at the moment when he gave the United States their Constitution," and, in order to give this bust "dimensions adequate to the circumstances," he has purchased four car-loads of modeling clay, and is making a figure of the little finger of the hand of which is to be 28 centi-metres, or about a quarter of a yard in length! It is gratifying to know, on the authority of *La Stafetta*, that in this remarkable work "the great citizen of America is represented in the most simple and natural attitude possible, and expresses the satisfaction of a stainless conscience which, having fulfilled a sublime act and being convinced that it has discharged its duty thoroughly, feels that it has touched the summit of its wishes." But what will Signor Guarnerio think when he finds himself called upon to find a place for this enormous bust in a building considerably less than a mile in length on any side? It is a great pity that such visionary ideas of our Exhibition should be floating about the world, because they can only tend to impair the natural effect which must otherwise be produced upon intelligent observers of all nations by the really noble and magnificent scale on which the buildings of the Exhibition have been actually planned and put up.



ELLA.

BY LISBETH O. ERGUIN.

CHAPTER V.

There can be no doubt that the Baron, when he took Ella to the ball, had intended to assert his position and authority as a husband and a father, and then and there to show the Baroness what he thought of her conduct. But when, as the evening passed on, the crowd being so very great, he never so much as caught sight of his wife and her daughters, the idea occurred to him that there was no absolute occasion why he should say anything about the matter. He was certainly, he argued, master of himself, and if he chose to bring his own child to a dance, why shouldn't he? The Baron was, as we have said, an easy-going, peaceable man. Moreover, he hated rows, and though, of course, he was not in the least afraid of his wife—whoever heard of a baron who was not bold?—he did at certain moments feel that discretion was the better part of valor. At any rate he felt sure that somebody had said so—and he rather fancied it was Solomon—he, or some other wise man. These were the thoughts which he turned slowly over and over in his mind, as he watched his daughter dancing and talking—we will not say flirting—with the Prince.

At length the Baron arrived at a solemn decision.

"Yes," he said to himself; "that will be best. We will just slip off quietly and say nothing about it." He looked at his watch. "And—kettle-drums and pokers!" he went on, "it is time to be off, or Madam will catch us as it is!"

He made his way over to Ella. "Come, come, my dear, it is quite time to go," he said, a little anxiously. But Ella was just giving her hand to the Prince for a dance.

"One more, only one more, dear little papa," pleaded the girl. The Prince, too, put in his word.

"Of course, if your Serenest Highness desires it," says the Baron, bowing low. "But only this one—do you hear?" he whispers into Ella's ear as she moves off.

The Baron waits the progress of that dance with considerable impatience, and looks at his watch more than once. The fact is, people do not like to think that their horses are waiting out in the cold!

When at length the dance is finished, he hurries Ella away, dragging her after him through the crowd of silks and satins, in such a ruthless manner that Ella gets quite frightened.

"Whatever is the matter, papa?" she asks, almost breathless, and squeezed and torn quite like a lady at a May drawing-room.

But the Baron, puffing and panting, drags her on, and never so much as draws breath until he finds himself safely in the carriage with his daughter beside him. Then, as the door is shut upon them, he, very red in the face, breathes a sigh of relief.

"That's all right," he says. "We shall get home first now; and if you'll take my advice, my dear—I mean, I don't think we'll say anything about it at all; shall we?"

"Just as you like, papa," says Ella.

"Well, my love, it isn't that I mind, you know, not in the least. But I think if the girls heard about the Prince, and that, they might feel hurt—jealous a little, perhaps. And one oughtn't to stir up bad feelings if one can help it, or give people unnecessary annoyance."

"No, papa, of course not."

So it happened that when the Baroness and her daughters returned an hour later, and, as we have said, a good deal out of humor, to the castle, they found Ella sitting up waiting for them, in her common every-day frock, as bright as a bird—not a bit tired or sleepy, and the Baron with his head as bad as it could be.

"Headache!" said the Baroness, shortly, when the Baron attempted to extract a little compassion from her. "If you'd been sitting all night in that stuffy ball-room, with your back against the wall, and not a bit of supper in your mouth, you'd have some right to talk about headaches!"

"I dare say I should, my dear," returned the Baron, meekly.

* * * * *

It was late on into the night before Ella lay down to rest. Even then, so excited was she by all the events of the day, that she could not sleep, but lay wide awake for a long while, thinking and thinking; and when, at last, she did fall into a fitful slumber, it was but to dream.

Now it may be imagined that Ella's dreams would be of the most pleasing and harmonious kind—that in her sleep she would live over again the wonderful delights of that wonderful ball; that once more she would be tripping lightly with her princely partner through the dazzling halls of light, with strains of enchanting music, and low words of love still sounding in her ears. But, in truth, Ella's dreams had in them more of sadness than of joy, more of terror than of triumph.

It was not a purely pleasurable excitement that had kept her waking on her little bed through the long hours. She had a cause of uneasiness and regret of which we have not hitherto made mention.

When, on her return from the ball, she had proceeded to divest herself of all her beautiful garments and jewels, and to lock them away once more in her old oak chest, she had discovered, to her utter dismay, that one of her beautiful feather slippers was missing. The discovery filled her not only with regret, but with all manner of vague alarms.

They were fairy slippers—Ella felt no doubt of that. And she could scarcely dare to think what terrible results might ensue to herself or others from the loss of a gift of that kind. Then, too, what would her dear and grateful birds think of her for such carelessness! How could she possibly account to them for the loss? And yet how could she hope to conceal it from them—or, indeed, would she wish to do so?

Ella felt quite positive that the shoe had been on her foot during the whole evening, and up to the time of her last delightful dance with the Prince. It must have been in the crush and struggle of her departure from the ball that it had slipped off—unless, indeed, the same fairy power which had presented it had removed it. This last thought was somehow rather alarming. Because, if one was taken, why not two? Was it, indeed, some benevolent fairy from whom they came, Ella thought, trembling; or had some malignant sprite imposed upon the birds, and induced them to be the means of bringing sorrow and perhaps destruction on their friend?

Thoughts and fears such as these racked the brain of our poor little heroine as she lay on her wakeful pillow, and tinged her dreams with melancholy. She dreamed of the ball, indeed. But she also dreamed that in the midst of it—just at the full tide of her enjoyment and triumph—a sudden change came; that at the striking of a clock, all the beautiful garments and rare jewels disappeared; that her feather shoes went flying through the air in the form of birds; and that she was left in the midst of the gay throng, cowering and ashamed, covered only with rags—a beggar girl, whom the Prince ordered scornfully from his presence, when she attempted timidly to remind him of some of the pretty and flattering speeches he had made to his favorite partner during the dance.

Ella awoke with a shudder, to hear a soft rustling of wings about her head, as though a bird were hovering above her. In the dim half-light of dawn, Ella fancied she could almost perceive its form, while, as something brushed her cheek, a voice distinctly whispered in her ear:

"Wait for the light,
And all will come right."

Instinctively, Ella put her hand out on the coverlet to feel if the one feather shoe she had left there on the previous night were still there; but though she fumbled about for ever so long she could not feel it; and being at last very tired, she turned round and fell at once into a sound sleep.

This time she did not dream, but when she awoke in the full morning light, there was the feather slipper reposing comfortably by her side, where she had herself placed it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN "AWFUL" STORY.

There was once an awful little girl, who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired, she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drouth, and when the awful drouth was over, there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she does not get over saying "awful" about everything, she will by-and-by come to an awful end.

Some of the most lasting benefits to individuals and to nations have sprung from what seemed at the time an overpowering calamity.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The journey of the Prince of Wales through British India has been one succession of the most magnificent ovations, receptions, Durbars and festivities gotten up in the Oriental style. The Illustration we herewith give is of one of the Native Durbars which were held in honor of the Prince, by the Maharajah of Cashmere, an independent Prince himself, and one of the most loyal and trusted allies of the British during all their troubles on their northern frontier. The description as given by Dr. Russell in the "London Times," reads like a page out of the "Arabian Nights."

The Prince's cortege, which was very well turned out, made a long sweep round the town, passing in front of a series of encampments of the Rajahs, chiefs of the Punjaub, who had come in to do him honor. These were all drawn up for miles in front of their respective camps. Before each floated the banner of the Rajah. The elephants, with gold and silver howdahs, stood in line. Then there were led horses in gold and silver saddle-cloths and jewelled caparisons. Each chief's armed retainers, regular and irregular, were drawn up, lining the roadway on both sides. Lance and sword sparkled, armor flashed, morion, cuirass, plume, banner, all was light and beautiful, and such a combination of colors as fairly astonished the beholder, and forced him to close his eyes for a moment and ask if it was a dream.

The scene can never be forgotten as the carriages, halted in succession on the top of the ridge, permitting the occupants to look down on the broad river, flowing below the spur on which stands Jummoo, covered with gay boats with rowers in scarlet and yellow liveries: and men were floating on skins. A bridge of boats crossed the stream. On the near bank there was a vast number of elephants, painted to be sure, and bearing gold and silver mines on their backs. On the other side there were cavalry in armor, double lines of infantry. The old hill fort opposite the city was thundering out a salute, astonishing the Himalayan wolves and jackals. When the Prince, descending, mounted an elephant with the Maharajah and led the procession across the river the clang was indescribable. It was getting dark, but the march up the hill from the riverside to the camp, for some two miles through roads and streets lined with the Maharajah's army, was in many respects the most original spectacle yet presented.

On the summit above Jummoo stood a huge building, only roofed a few hours previous. It looked like a railway station. It was built expressly for the Prince's reception, carpeted and hung with shawls, pictures, and mirrors. Here the Prince descended. After the Durbar was held his Royal Highness was conducted to a verandah, and witnessed the very best fireworks yet seen, representing a general action. Afterwards a monster banquet, to which all the Europeans were invited. The Prince retired to the camp close at hand. His tents were fitted up beautifully. A vast camp for the suite and the multitude of guests.

The next day a sporting party was arranged, but it was not very successful, as it was too near Jummoo. There was some good falconry, but the wild boars seemed to think they ought not to run away. Some were killed, nevertheless. There was a cheetah let loose at a deer, but it ran after a dog instead. The dog turned, and the cheetah then fled. A lynx was slipped at a fox, but reynard showed fight, and the lynx and the fox made it up and were friends. There was some small game shot. The drawing of the nets in the river revealed the fact that Cashmere inherits the arts of Cleopatra, for some fish were fastened by the gills to the meshes.

The procession of elephants proceeded through the illuminated city to the old palace, where the Maharajah gave a dinner to the Prince and a small party which rivalled the best shows of the Royal tour, and then there was a weird, terrible performance of lamas from Thibet. Their sacred dancing drama was far and away the most strange thing ever witnessed. More fireworks ended the evening, and the Maharajah finally presented the Prince with a sword worth at the lowest calculation $50,000. It is studded with precious stones from hilt to point.

Soon after eight, on the following day, the Prince left Jummoo in state as he entered it; but his cavalry escort was furnished by the Maharajah's cuirassier lancer regiment, before which were borne a green-and-gold standard. There were also kettle-drums and elephants. Before the Prince's departure heads and horns of the yak, deer, and antelope was laid out, and live deer, eagles, falcons, Thibetan dogs, etc., were brought for the Prince's acceptance.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

The unfortunate act committed by Adam Wynne (some people said it must have been an accident) was bruited abroad far and wide. Circumstances conspired to give to it an unusual notoriety, and for more than the traditional nine days it remained a wonder in men's minds.

Sir Adam's recent accession to the family honors; the utter want of adequate motive; the name of the young lady said to be mixed up with it—all this tended to arouse the public interest. That a gentleman of peaceful tendencies, an educated man and new baronet of the realm, should take up his gun and shoot another in calm deliberation, was well nigh incredible. Public interest was not allowed to flag. Before a sufficient space of time had elapsed for that, the trial came on.

Sir Adam Wynne was not fated, as too many prisoners are, to languish out months of suspense in prison. The calamity occurred towards the end of June, the assizes were held in July. Almost before his final examination by the magistrates had concluded, or the coroner's inquest (protracted after the fashion of inquests, but in this case without any sufficient reason) had returned its verdict, the summer assizes were upon the county. The magistrates had committed Sir Adam Wynne to take his trial for wilful murder, the coroner's jury for manslaughter.

But now, what effect does the reader suppose this most awful blow must have had on Mrs. Wynne? If any one ever deserved commiseration it was surely she. To every mother it would have been terrible, to her it was worse than terrible. She loved her son with the love only lavished on an idol—she had gone forth to his new inheritance in all the pride of her fond heart, counting every day, ay, every hour, until he should gladden it with his presence. If one mortal man stood on a pinnacle just then above all his fellows in her estimation, that man was her handsome son, the new baronet, Sir Adam Wynne. And oh! the desolation that fell upon her when the son for whom she cared not, Karl, arrived to break the news.

And Karl? Hardly less keen, if any, was the blow upon him. Until then, he did not know how very warm and true was his affection for his brother. Staggering back to the town the same night after his interview with Hewitt—and it seemed to Karl Wynne that he did stagger, under the weight of his affliction—he found the prisoner at the police station, and was allowed to see him.

Adam did not appear to feel his position at all. Karl thought the passion—or whatever other ill-feeling it might have been that prompted him to the fatal deed—was swaying him still. He was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and sat quite at ease while the chief of the station took down sundry reports in writing from the policemen who brought the prisoner in.

"I have done nothing that I regret," he said to Karl. "The man has but got his deserts. I should do it again to-morrow under the same provocation."

"But, Adam, think of the consequences to yourself," gasped Karl, aghast with dismay at this dangerous admission in the hearing of the officers.

"Oh, as to the consequences, I shall be quite ready to take *them*," returned the prisoner, drawing himself haughtily up. "I never yet did aught that I was ashamed to acknowledge afterwards."

The inspector ceased writing for a moment and turned round. 'Sir Adam Wynne, I advise you for your own sake to be silent. Least said is soonest mended, you know, sir. That's a good rule to remember in all cases."

"Very good indeed, Wall," readily assented Sir Adam, who had previously been on speaking terms with the inspector. "But if you think I am going to try to disown what I've done, you are mistaken."

"It must have been an accident," spoke poor Karl in a low tone, almost as though he were suggesting it. "I told Hewitt so."

"Hewitt knows better; he saw me take up the gun, level it, and shoot him," was the reply of Sir Adam, asserted openly. "Look here, Wall; the fellow courted his fate; *courted* it. I had assured him that if he dared to offend in a certain way again, I would shoot him as I'd shoot a dog. He set me at defiance and did it. Upon that, I carried out my promise, and shot him. I could not break my word, you know."

Just then a doubt crossed the inspector's mind—as he related afterwards—that Sir Adam Wynne was not in his right senses.

"And the mother?" breathed Karl.

"*There's* the worst of it," returned Sir Adam, his tone quickly changing to grave concern. "For her sake, I could almost regret it. You must go off to Foxwood, Karl, and break it to her."

What a task it was! Never, in all Karl's life, had one like unto it been imposed upon him. With the early morning he started for Foxwood, and it seemed to him that he would rather have started to his grave.

It was, perhaps, somewhat singular, that during the short period of time intervening before the trial, Lieutenant Wynne should have been gazetted to his company. It gave Karl no pleasure. The rise he had hoped for, that was to have brought him so much satisfaction, could but be productive of pain now. If the trial resulted in the awful sentence—condemnation—Karl would not, of course, continue in the army. No, nor with any inferior result, save and except acquittal. Karl felt this. It was a matter that admitted of no alternative. To remain on amidst his fellow-officers, with his only brother disgraced and punished, was not to be thought of. And Karl would rather have remained the nameless lieutenant than have been gazetted captain.

The truest sympathy was felt for him—the utmost consideration evinced. Leave of absence was accorded him at his request, until the result of the trial should be known. He wanted his liberty to stand by his brother, and to make efforts for the defence. Make efforts! When the accused persisted in openly avowing he was guilty, what efforts could be made with any hope of success?

One of the hottest days that July has ever given us was that of the trial. The county town was filled from end to end; thousands of curious people had thronged in, hoping to get a place in court, or at least, to obtain a sight of the baronet-prisoner. It was reported that, but for the earnest pleadings of his mother, there would have been no trial—Sir Adam would have pleaded guilty. It was whispered that she, the hitherto proud, overbearing, self-contained woman went down on her knees to entreat him not to bring upon his head the worst and most extreme sentence known to England's law—as the said pleading guilty would have brought—but to give himself a chance of a more lenient sentence, perhaps of an acquittal. It was said that Captain Wynne would have taken his place in the dock to countenance and stand by his brother, but was not permitted.

The trial was unusually short and unusually interesting. Immediately after the judge had taken his seat in the morning, the prisoner was brought in. The crowded court, who had just risen to do homage to the judge, rose again, amidst stir and excitement. Strangers, straining their eager eyes, saw—perhaps with a momentary feeling of surprise—as grand a gentleman as any present. A tall, commanding, handsome man, with a frank expression of countenance when he smiled, but haughty in repose; his white teeth, that he showed so much, and his gray eyes quite beautiful. He wore deep mourning for his uncle, Sir Joseph, and bowed to the judge with as much stately ceremony as though he were bowing before the Queen. Captain Wynne, in deep mourning also, sat at the table with the solicitors.

The chief witnesses, it may be said the only ones of any consequence, were Thomas Hewitt, the man servant, and Miss Rose Turner. A surgeon spoke of the cause of death—a shot through the heart—and a policeman or two gave some little evidence. Altogether, not much.

The story that came out to the world through the speeches of counsel, including those for the defence as well as for the prosecution, may be summed up as follows:

Mr. Wynne—now Sir Adam—had a great friendship for a young lady neighbor who lived close by, with whom he and his mother had been intimate, and for whose best interests he had a lively regard. This was a Miss Rose Turner, a young lady, the counsel emphatically said, worthy of every consideration, and against whom not a breath of slight had been or could be whispered. Some few months ago, Miss Turner was introduced at a friend's house, to a medical student—the deceased—named Martin Scott. It had been ascertained, from inquiries set on foot since Martin Scott's death, that this man's private pursuits and character were not at all reputable, but that was, of course, the counsel candidly added, no reason why he should have been killed. In spite of Miss Turner's strong objection, Martin Scott persisted in offering her his attentions, and two or three times, to the young lady's great disgust, he had forcibly kissed her. These facts became known to Mr. Wynne, and he, being of a hasty, passionate nature, unfortunately took up the matter warmly. Indignant that the young lady should have been subjected to anything so degrading, he sought an interview with the offender, and told him that if ever he dared to repeat the insult to Miss Turner, he, Mr. Wynne, would shoot him.

It appeared, the counsel added, that Mr. Wynne avowed this in unmistakable terms; that the unfortunate deceased fully understood him to mean it, and that Mr. Wynne would certainly do what he said, if provoked—proof of which would be given. In spite of all this, Martin Scott braved his fate the instant he had an opportunity. On the fatal evening, June the twenty-third, Miss Turner having only just returned home after an absence of some weeks, Martin Scott made his appearance at her uncle's house, followed her into the garden, and there, within sight of Mr. Wynne, or rather, Sir Adam Wynne, for he had then succeeded to his title, said the counsel, stopping to correct himself, he rudely took the young lady in his arms and kissed her several times. Miss Turner, naturally startled and indignant, broke from him and burst into a fit of hysterical sobs. Upon this, the prisoner caught up his loaded gun and shot him dead—the gun, unhappily, lying close to his hand, for he had been shooting birds during the day. Such was the substance of the story as told to the court.

Thomas Hewitt, the faithful servingman, who deposed that he had lived in the Wynne family for many years, and who could hardly speak for the grief within him, was examined. Alas! he was called for the prosecution, for all his evidence told against his master, not for him.

"That evening," he said, "about eight o'clock, or from that to half past, I had occasion to see my master, Sir Adam, and went across the garden and beyond the shrubbery of trees to find him. He was standing by the gate that divides his grounds from Mr. Turner's, and all in the same moment, as I came in view, there seemed to be a scuffle going on in Mr. Turner's wide path by the rose bushes. Just at first I did not discern who it was there, for the setting sun, then going below the horizon, shone in my face like a ball of red fire. I soon saw it was Miss Turner and Martin Scott. He seemed to be holding her against her will. She broke away from him, crying and sobbing, and ran towards my master, as if wanting him to protect her."

"Well—go on," cried the examining counsel, for the witness had stopped. "What did you see next?"

"Sir Adam caught up his gun from the garden seat close by, where it was lying, presented it at Martin Scott, and fired. The young man sprang up into the air a foot or two, and then fell. It all passed in a moment. I ran to assist him, and found he was dead. That is all I know."

But the witness was not to be released just yet, in spite of this intimation.

"Wait a bit," said the counsel for the prosecution. "You saw the prisoner take up the gun, point it at the deceased, and fire. Was all this done deliberately?"

"It was not done hurriedly, sir."

"Answer my question, witness. Was it *deliberately* done?"

"I think it was. His movements were slow. Perhaps," added poor Hewitt, willing to suggest a loophole of escape for his master—"perhaps Sir Adam had forgotten the gun was loaded, and only fired it off to frighten Scott. It was in the morning he had been shooting the birds—hours before—he could easily have forgotten that it was loaded. My master is not a cruel man, but a humane one."

"How came he to leave the gun out there for so many hours, if he had done with it?" asked the judge.

"I don't know, my lord. I suppose he forgot to bring it in when he came in to dinner. Sir Adam is naturally very careless indeed."

One of the jury spoke.

"Witness, what was it that you wanted with him when you went out that evening?"

"A telegram had come for him, sir, and I went to take it to him."

"What did the telegram contain? Do you know?"

"I believe it came from Foxwood, sir."

"From Foxwood?"

"The telegram was from my mother, Mrs. Wynne," spoke up the prisoner, in his rather loud, but perfectly calm voice, thereby electrifying the court. "It was to tell me she had arrived safely at Foxwood Court, and that the day for my uncle Sir Joseph's funeral was not then fixed."

The prisoner's solicitor, in a great commotion, leaned over and begged him in a whisper to be silent.

"Nay," said the prisoner, aloud, "if any information that I can give is required, why should I be silent?"

Surely there had never before been a prisoner like unto this one!

The next witness was Rose Turner. She was accompanied by her uncle and a solicitor, was dressed handsomely in black, and appeared to be in a state of extreme nervous agitation. Her face was ashy pale, her manner shrinkingly reluctant, and her voice was so low that its accents could not always be caught. In the simple matter of giving her name she had to be asked it three times. Her evidence told little more than had been told by the opening counsel.

Mr. Scott had persecuted her with his attentions, she said. He wanted her to promise to marry him when he should be established in practice, but she wholly refused, and she begged him to go about his business and leave her alone. He would not, and her aunt had rather encouraged Mr. Scott; they did not know what kind of private character he bore, but supposed of course it was good. Martin Scott had twice kissed her against her will, very much to her annoyance; she had told Mr. Wynne about it, who had always been very kind to her—quite like a protector. It made Mr. Wynne very angry, and he had then threatened Martin Scott that if he ever again attempted to molest her he would shoot him. She was sure that Martin Scott understood that Mr. Wynne was not joking, but meant to do what he said.

So far the witness spoke with tolerable readiness, but after this not a word would she say that was not drawn from her.

"You went out on a visit in May—where was it to?" questioned the counsel.

"Birmingham."

"How long did you stay there?"

"I was away from home five weeks altogether."

"When did you return home? You must speak a little louder, if you please."

"On the evening of the twenty-second of June."

"That was the day before the murder?"

"It was not a murder," returned the witness, with emotion. "Sir Adam Wynne was quite justified in what he did."

The judge interposed.

"You are not here to state opinions, young lady, but to answer questions."

The counsel resumed.

"Did the deceased, Martin Scott, come to your uncle's residence on the evening of the twenty-third?"

"Yes, my uncle was at home, ill, that evening, and he kept Mr. Scott in conversation, so that he had no opportunity of teasing me."

"You went, later, into the garden?"

"Yes. Martin Scott must have seen me pass the window, for I found he was following me out. I saw Sir Adam standing at his gate and went towards him."

"With what motive did you go?"

A pause.

"I intended to tell him that Scott was there."

"Had you seen Sir Adam at all since the previous evening?"

Whether the young lady said Yes or No to this question could not be told. Her answer was inaudible.

"Now this won't do," cried the counsel, losing patience. "You must speak so that the jury can hear you, witness, and you must please lift your head. What have you to be ashamed of?"

At this sting, a bright flush dyed the young lady's pale cheeks; but she evidently did not think of resisting. Lifting her face, she spoke somewhat louder:

"I had seen Sir Adam in the morning when he was shooting the birds. I saw him again in the afternoon, and was talking with him for a few minutes. Not for long: some friends called on my aunt, and she sent for me in."

"Was anything said about Martin Scott that day, between you and Sir Adam?"

"Not a word. We did not so much as think of him."

"Why, then, were you hastening in the evening to tell Sir Adam that Scott was there?"

The witness hesitated and burst into tears. Her answer was impeded by sobs.

"Of course it was a dreadful thing for me to do—as things have turned out. I had no ill thought in it. I was only going to tell him that Scott had come and was sitting with my uncle. There was nothing in that to make Sir Adam angry."

"You have not replied to my question. *Why* did you hasten to tell Sir Adam?"

"There was no very particular cause. Before I left home in May, I had hoped Mr. Scott had ceased his visits; when I found, by his coming this evening, that he had not, I thought I would tell Sir Adam. We both disliked Martin Scott from his rudeness to me. I began to feel afraid of him again, lest he should be rude to me as he had been before."

"Allow me to ask—in a case of this sort, would it not have been your uncle's place to deal with Mr. Scott, rather than Sir Adam Wynne's?"

The witness bent her head, and sobbed. While the prisoner, without affording her time for any answer, again spoke up.

"When Martin Scott insulted Miss Turner before, I had particularly requested her to inform me at once if he ever attempted such a thing again. I also requested her to let me know of it if he resumed his visits at her uncle's house. I wished to protect Miss Turner as efficiently as I would have protected a sister."

The prisoner was ordered to be silent. Miss Turner's examination went on.

"You went out on this evening to speak to the prisoner, and Martin Scott followed you. What next?"

"Martin Scott caught me up when I was close to the bed of rose bushes; that is, about half-way between the house and gate where Sir Adam was standing. He began reproaching me, saying I had not given him a word of welcome after my long absence, and did I think he was going to stand it. Before—before——"

"Before what? Why do you hesitate?"

The witness's tears burst forth afresh: her voice was pitiable in its distress. A thrill of sympathy moved the whole court; not one in it but felt for her.

"Before I was aware, Martin Scott had caught me in his arms, and was kissing my face. I struggled to get away from him, and ran towards Sir Adam Wynne for shelter. It was then he took up his gun."

"What did Sir Adam say?"

"Nothing. He put me behind him with one hand, and fired. I recollect seeing Hewitt standing beside me then, and for a few moments I recollected no more. At first I did not know any harm was done; only when I saw Hewitt kneeling down in the path over Martin Scott."

"What did the prisoner do then?"

"He put the gun back on the seat again, quite quietly, and walked down the path towards where they were. My uncle and aunt came running out, and—and that ended it."

With a burst of grief that threatened to become hysterical, she covered her face. Perhaps in compassion, only two or three further questions of unimportance were asked her. She had told all she knew of the calamity, she said; and was allowed to retire; leaving the audience most favorably impressed with the pretty looks, the innocence and the modesty of Miss Rose Turner.

A young man named Wharton was called; an assistant to a chemist, and a friend of the late Martin Scott. He deposed to hearing Scott speak in the spring—he thought it was towards the end of April—of Mr. Wynne's threat to shoot him. The witness added that he was sure Martin Scott took the threat as a serious one, and knew that Mr. Wynne meant it as such: though it was possible that with the lapse of weeks the impression might have worn away in Scott's mind. He was the last witness called on either side; and the two leading counsel then addressed the jury.

The judge summed up carefully and dispassionately, but not favorably. As many said afterwards, he was "dead against the prisoner." The jury remained in deliberation fifteen minutes only, and then came back with their verdict.

Wilful murder; but a strong recommendation to mercy.

The judge then asked the prisoner if he had anything to urge against the sentence of Death that was about to be passed upon him.

Nothing but this, the prisoner replied, speaking courteously and quietly. That he believed he had done only his duty; and that Martin Scott had deliberately and defiantly rushed upon his own fate; and that if young, innocent, and refined ladies were to be insulted by reprobate men with impunity, the sooner the country went back to a state of barbarism, the better.

To this the judge replied, that if for trifling causes men might with impunity murder others in cold blood, the country would be already in a state of barbarism without going back to it.

But the trial was not to conclude without one startling element of sensation. The judge had put the black cap on his head, when a tall, proud-looking, handsome lady stepped forward and demanded to say a word in stay of the sentence. It was Mrs. Wynne. Waving the ushers away who would have removed her, she was, perhaps in very astonishment, allowed to speak.

Her son had inherited an uncontrollable temper, she said; *her* temper. If anything occurred greatly to exasperate him (but this was very rare) his transitory passion was akin to madness. In fact it was madness for the short time it lasted, which was never more than for a few moments. To punish him by death for any act committed by him during this irresponsible time would be, she urged, murder. Murder upon him.

Only these few words did she speak. Not passionately; calmly and respectfully; and with her dark eyes fixed on the judge. She then bowed to the judge and retired. The judge inclined his head gravely to her in return, and proceeded with his sentence.

Death. But the strong recommendation of the jury should be forwarded to the proper quarter.

The judge, as was learned later, seconded this recommendation warmly; in fact, the words he used in passing sentence as good as conveyed an intimation that there might be no execution.

Thus ended the famous trial.

Within a week afterwards the fiat was known; and the sentence was commuted into penal servitude for life.

Penal servitude for life! Think of the awful blight to a man in the flower of his age, and in the position of Adam Wynne! And all through one moment's mad act!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION CONCESSIONS.

Among the "concessions for privileges" granted at the Centennial exhibition, and those asked for, the New York *Herald* enumerates the following:

One man has offered $50,000 for the "privilege" of sweeping out the exhibition buildings, guaranteeing to pay all his help, and to keep the fifty odd acres of flooring perfectly cleaned. This proposition has not been accepted, the committee having some doubt as to the propriety of allowing it.

The sum of $12,000 has been paid for the exclusive privilege of hiring out rolling or Bath chairs to visitors to the exhibition at fifty cents an hour.

Another man, with every confidence that we shall have a hot summer has given $30,000 for the right to dispense soda water during the six months of the fair, besides a royalty of twenty cents on every gallon sold.

The Centennial Catalogue Company has paid $100,000 for the privilege of printing and selling the full official catalogue of the exhibition.

For cigars and tobacco to be sold at five stands on the grounds only—not in any of the buildings and not exclusive of other rights to sell—a shrewd tobacconist has paid $18,000.

The Centennial Photograph Association has paid a fixed sum of $3000 for the privilege of making pictures in the grounds and buildings, and will also pay ten per cent. on its gross receipts over $30,000.

The Centennial Guide Book Company has paid $5000 for the exclusive right of sale within the enclosure, but are under the wise restriction to put no advertisements in its book.

The Milk Dairy Association for $3000 has secured a right to put up a building for the sale of milk and milk products, of which, of course, ice cream will be in the greatest demand.

A Virginia tobacco factory, in Lynchburgh, has been given a concession to erect a tobacco manufactory on a small scale, to exhibit the mode of preparing the weed and to sell the same. They have paid $3000 for the privilege.

The Vienna bakery will be another of the industrial occupations exhibited on a small scale. A complete Austrian bakery will be working so as to show the entire process, and as the product is to be sold the Board of Finance has charged $3000 for the right.

A glass-making concern has obtained an exclusive concession to supply glass for the exhibitors and the commission for showcases, etc., by the payment of $3,000. It is stipulated in the contract that they are to do all the work at the very lowest market prices.

A well known confectionery manufacturer will make and sell chocolate and fine candies on the grounds, exhibiting all the processes of manufacture. His grant cost $5,000.

For $5,000 the concession has been given to establish a cafe in the Agricultural Hall, with the stipulation that no fires are to be used, and only cold dishes served. Another cafe in the main building has been agreed upon on the same terms. There are eight cafes in other buildings not yet awarded, at the same rate, which will bring in a revenue of $40,000 more to the treasury.

One of the safe manufacturing companies has obtained for $5,000 the exclusive right to keep valuables on deposit, and there is no doubt that they will find their mission an important one. An immense burglar proof vault will be specially constructed, it is said.

A popcorn capitalist has given $7,000 for the sole privilege of impairing the digestion of the world at the great fair, and he may say with Robinson Crusoe, "My right there is none to dispute."

A peanut man offered $1,000 better to peddle his plebeian fruit, but the committee thought when the weighty question was considered that all the world scrunching peanuts at once would make too many shells, and the application was rejected, and the applicant is dejected.

DREAMY LIFE.—Would you not call a man a fool who should spend all his time fishing up oysters with the expectation of finding a pearl? But is he really more unwise than hundreds who, with their hands in their pockets and cigars in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up or turn over that will throw them at once into business and fortune? They may wait till doomsday—and longer, if possible—before their fond expectation will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is that lingering, waiting, lazy, dreamy sort of existence, over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned horror.

HE who has health is a rich man, and does not know it.

WE COME AND GO.

BY F. A. J.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would head us pass away.

How soon we pass?
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the soddened churchyard cold!

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

[This story was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Westley spoke not a word all the way to Bessemer Gardens, but stalked on at such a pace that Mrs. Martin could hardly keep up with him. His brain was in a whirl of puzzled thought. It was as if he carried somebody else's head upon his shoulders, and was conscious of a double and inconsistent identity.

Olivia's illness had been a serious one; the exhaustion and the terror of the fearful night of shipwreck were followed by fever and prostration, that lasted many weeks. During all this time she was tended with anxious care by Audrey, whose kindly impulses and sympathies had been powerfully excited for the suffering girl. She was now recovering fast. She had been told all the events that had happened during the time of her illness: how no will of Petworth's could be found; and then of Mrs. Petworth's death, which seemed to leave her completely helpless and unprovided for.

"I shall have to live here with Mum Brown—Mrs. Martin, you know, I mean—and help her in the house, for the sake of board and lodging. There is nothing else that I can do," said Olivia, disconsolately. "Why are you so kind to me? and why do you make so much of me? Let me go and put on my housemaid's apron and wait upon you."

"My dear Olivia," said Audrey, "whatever your future way in life may be, it is no use starting till you are strong and well. Then, too, you are not alone like us; you have a stalwart arm to support you."

"Meaning Westley, I suppose. Oh, dear, I think it makes me feel more helpless to think of it."

"You have not quarreled with Westley, then, dear?" asked Audrey, anxiously.

"Oh, no; we had a little amicable spar the night before he left, but nothing serious. But I think he must have quarreled with papa—Mr. Petworth."

"Well, that will all be at an end now; he has been here often to ask after you."

"Oh," said Olivia, not seeming very much affected by the intelligence. "The fact is, Miss Wilford, I have so much to think about and worry about as to my own future, that I don't seem to have room for any sentiment. And as for poor Westley being engaged to me, the thing seems ridiculous now that we have neither of us anything. Why, it would end in my having to wash for both of us, whilst Westley hung about, giving a turn to the mangle, or helping to hold the baby."

"My dear," said Audrey, "don't talk in that reckless way, and about the sacredest relations of humanity; and the matter is not so hopeless as you think. If we make good our title to our property, we shall take care that Westley is provided for. That is only due to him."

"Well, I don't like the idea of it at all," said Olivia, shrugging her shoulders; "and I had much rather begin to go my own way. I was half pushed, half dragged into this engagement; and then he was my first sweetheart, as you may say, and I estimated him accordingly. But I see things differently now. For all that I like him very much, and I wish he were my brother or my cousin; but as for a husband——"

At this moment Jane threw open the door and announced in triumphant tones:

"Here he is, miss; here is Mr. Westley."

Westley was embarrassed enough, and could hardly stammer out the ordinary commonplaces of greeting. After he had been seated a few moments, he turned suddenly to Audrey, and asked her rather bluntly if he might speak to Olivia alone for a little while.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Audrey, rising quickly; "I ought to have thought that you would like to be alone together." And she hastily left the room, her cheek flushing, and bitter tears of mortification rising to her eyes.

"Olivia," said Westley, abruptly, "your father wrote to me—his last words almost—that we could never be married. Well, I have found out that he was right."

"And you come here to tell me that," said Olivia. "Well, I agree with you, as it happens; but you might have put it in a less disagreeable way."

"Then you won't break your heart over it, Olivia?"

"Not I," said Olivia.

"That's a comfort, then," said Westley, with a sigh of relief; and he went on to tell to the amazed Olivia the true story of his birth and her own.

"Now I mean to do my duty as a brother to you, Olivia," he said; "and for that reason, and for others, I am going to renounce the name I have borne, and the position I held in the world. Not an enormous sacrifice, you'll say, under present circumstances; but still I feel it. Anyhow, here's my hand, Olivia; and believe me that I am charmed to have such a nice little sister, and that I will fight your battles against all the world."

"Upon my word," said Olivia, "I think I like you better now than ever. And on my part I promise to be a good sister to you, and to do just as you tell me—that is, if you are not very unreasonable. And now let me go and tell Audrey the news."

The two girls talked long and earnestly over the affair, and interspersed their discourse with not a few tears.

"And now, Audrey dear," said Olivia at last, "you will have your old lover at your feet before long; he never really cared for me, and when he made love to me, I know that he was thinking of you all the time."

Audrey shook her head.

"It is no use thinking of that, dear," she said. But at the moment it occurred to her, with a kind of glad shock, "If he is no longer a Wilford, I am no longer bound by my promise to Uncle Arthur."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF IT.

After all, when Westley had made up his mind to claim the Petworth inheritance, difficulties that had at one time seemed insuperable began to vanish into air. The Essex cousins, although grasping, were timid. They feared the costs of a long law-suit; and finding the evidence strong in favor of the claimant, they suggested a compromise. A sum of money down disarmed their opposition, and after some delay and difficulty, Westley was admitted to administer to the Petworth estate as the nearest of kin to deceased. Westley then proved to be in the singular and satisfactory position of being his own principal creditor, and with the funds at his command he easily paid off the smaller fry, annulled the bankruptcy proceedings, and found himself a free agent. After he had settled upon Olivia her share of the original estate, paid his debts, and satisfied all claims, he found that the share remaining to him was not very great—certainly not enough to keep up any very extensive place of his own; and as he had no agreeable recollections of Puffin Abbey, he sold the whole estate to good advantage, and found himself the possessor of funds which brought him in a clear thousand a year.

The question of the Wilfordhurst estate was disposed of in an equally satisfactory manner. The Wilford girls, by their advisers, agreed to pay the encumbrances on the property—the eighty-thousand mortgage had been effected by the old Squire, and was clearly enough a charge upon the estate—and then entered into possession, without any opposition, as heiresses to their uncle of the estate and all its appurtenances.

The Martins were paid the thousand-pounds legacy, and all went well with the reunited couple. Their lodging-house in Bessemer Gardens is always well filled, the drawing-room floor being specially reserved for the Wilfords, who are, or were, constantly running up to town from their somewhat sombre mansion in the shires.

On one occasion of these visits, the girls were honored by a call from Mr. Westley. It may be said that he could never bring himself to pronounce the name of Petworth, as applied to himself; that he utterly refused to have any visiting-cards engraved with that name; and generally made himself wretched on the subject, declining society, and living the life of a semi-recluse.

The younger sister was, as it happened, the only one to be seen in the drawing-room at the moment.

"Hester," he said, "I have come to ask Audrey a favor, and I beg you'll intercede for me."

"You will be tolerably powerful on your own behalf, I think," said Hester; "but what is it?"

"I want her permission to change my name."

"That is an extraordinary request," said Hester, laughing; "I could understand your wanting her to change hers."

"For such a one as mine!" exclaimed Westley, shaking his head in a melancholy way. "Ah, no. But seriously, Hester, I am going to ask her, as head of the family, to permit me to assume my old surname. It's an extraordinary thing—and I would not have believed it of any one else—but I am miserable in my new name. I'm like one of those soldier crabs in a shell that doesn't fit it."

"Then I'll leave you for a moment, and send Audrey in to you. You will be able to explain it all to her satisfaction, I daresay."

Hester gave a little shrug of half disdain as she left the room; for she really thought her cousin Westley a very dilatory shilly-shallying young fellow. Surely he could see that Audrey had not lost any of her old affection for him, and was wearing herself away in vain expectation; whilst Westley, with his long melancholy face and disconsolate air, mooned about, as if he could make up his mind neither to be with her nor without her. "Surely they will tumble into some understanding at last," Hester had often said to herself; but time had gone on, and they seemed as far off as ever from any satisfactory conclusion. Hester found her sister dressing to go out, and simply said that Westley was in the drawing-room, and asking to see her.

"You will come too, Hester," said Audrey, her face flushing a little.

"Oh, no; he doesn't want to see me," cried Hester.

Audrey entered the room, despite of herself her heart palpitating a little with expectation. Westley rose in the slow melancholy way he had lately assumed, and greeted his cousin in sad impressive tones:

"I've come to ask you, Audrey," he said, "a great favor. I know I don't deserve it at your hands, but still you are so good."

"And what is it, Westley?" said Audrey, with quite a tremor in her voice.

"I want you to allow me to change my name."

"What!" said Audrey, pushing away her chair, and looking at him almost with contempt. "Change your name? Very well; change it, then—people are doing so every day. Put a notice in the papers. Westley, I could almost think you were growing old and doting."

"Well, upon my word I think you're right, Audrey. I am an aimless miserable fellow. And I might have been so different if I had learnt to measure life betimes."

"You are getting morbid, Westley, with too much sitting and brooding, and not enough active employment. Shake it off. Travel, if you will."

"And drag at each remove a lengthening chain," said Westley. "No, I don't feel to have any heart for anything."

Audrey seemed embarrassed, and began to turn over a little ornamental letter-case that was on the table. Now it so happened that many of the little drawing-room nicknacks that had adorned Bodley Terrace had also accompanied their owner to Bessemer Gardens, and this was the very case which Westley had used at the time he began his interrupted epistle to Audrey, a long time ago, when Olivia had come in and put a stop to his writing—just at the moment that his pen and heart were in the cue for it.

"Why, this is your scrawl, Westley," said Audrey, taking out a sheet of paper that had the date upon it and the first line.

"So it is," said Westley, looking over her shoulder; "and do you know what it is?—it is the beginning of a letter to you I wrote at Bodley Terrace. I must have taken a fresh sheet afterwards and forgotten this. But it did not matter; the letter came back again."

"How can you reproach me with that, Westley?" said Audrey, the tears she repressed glittering on her eyelashes. "What else could I have done when Uncle Arthur ordered me?"

"That is true," said Westley, with a sigh. "You were dutiful always, and are still, no doubt."

"I am dutiful to those to whom I owe duty, I hope," said Audrey. "But I am going out, Westley; I was just going when you came in. I will send Hester to you if you have nothing more to say to me."

"Stay a minute," said Westley. "You see what is written there?"

"I can hardly make it out," said Audrey, pretending to examine the paper; "it is such a scrawl."

"I will read it: 'My darling'—Audrey, it almost broke my heart when I wrote that, and found how dear you were to me and that I had lost you."

"Ah, that was a long while ago," said Audrey.

"But I say the same now," said Westley. "May I, for once, Audrey, my darling?"

"Why should you not say it?" said Audrey, putting her hands frankly into his; "for you are mine."

[THE END.]

AMERICAN BABIES.

To the credit of mankind it may be observed that this arrogant and unlimited empire of babyhood has not been submitted to tamely and without partial effort to control or modify its oppressive authority. The noble red man ties his new-born chief to a board, bound hand and foot, not so much to keep him out of mischief as to inure him to that stoicism in suffering and limited sphere of action which belong to his future career, and also to afford his esteemed mother the needful recreation of hoeing her row in the corn field.

Your tradition-ridden European swaddles his nascent subject, body and mind in the bands of conformity, that he may learn to play his part civilly, without jostling or astonishing his fellows, in the crowded marts and thoroughfares of despotism. In America, where "no pent-up Utica contracts our powers," our little regulators are allowed to go it sprawling, acquiring even in babyhood those invaluable lessons of self-control, self-reliance, and self-helpfulness which are to make the coming man the admiration of himself and the terror of the world.

In comparing results, we may further observe that the most carefully swaddled Baby, when he grows up, and occasionally breaks loose for a season, through inexperience and a blind resentment of his former unnatural suppression, becomes the most dangerous and frightful mischief-maker both in society and government; while our sprawling freeman, if he has the luck to survive the risks of his infantile career, subsides into self-reliant conservatism, with discretion and experience enough to manage his affairs creditably thereafter. It is true that when our pet babies fall into fits from surfeiting or set the house on fire in their wanton frolics, we feebly but temporarily regret the *regime* of swaddling-clothes; but when "our party" carries an election triumphantly, we are re-assured of the future of the republic, and shout the praises of freedom with renovated zeal.

—*Harper's Magazine for March.*

EXTENT OF THE OCEAN.

ONE who has never traveled on the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with the hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land the ships begin to disappear; as he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the blended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross his path. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that have ever been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent, that the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe, and by far the greater portion of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from man's presence and visitation.

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AGRICULTURAL.

DOES FEED AFFECT THE QUALITY OF MILK?—If one would think but for a minute, there would be no need of asking if a cow well fed will produce more butter than when poorly fed; the butter comes from the food and nothing else, and the better the food the richer the milk.

WORMS IN HOGS.—A teaspoonful of arsenic dissolved in one quart of water, and turned into a swill pail, mixed with the food generally given, will kill and remove the worms without harming the hogs. It is a curious fact that hogs will thrive and fatten on doses of arsenic sufficiently large to kill any other domesticated animal.

A CHEAP fertilizer consists of sulphate of ammonia, 80 pounds; nitrate of soda, 40 pounds; ground bones, 250 pounds; plaster, 250 pounds; salt, ½ bushel; wood ashes, 3 bushels; stable manure, 20 bushels. Apply the above amount to about six acres. Labor in preparing included, it costs about $15. It is said to give as good results as most of the commercial fertilizers costing $50 per ton.

MR. A. W. CHEEVER, of Massachusetts, said more feed can be produced from one acre with ten varieties of grass than from ten acres with one variety. He urged, therefore, that when grounds are seeded for pasture, a great variety of seeds should be sown. Pastures may be kept in good condition for many years if not overstocked. Understocking also injures pastures, because the rank growth of grass left by stock runs to seed. The grass should be fed as it grows.

—*Moore's Rural.*

WHEN TO TRIM HEDGE.—Any time from now until the buds fully start in the spring, is a good time to trim hedge or other kinds of timber for a rapid growth of wood during next summer. In fact, were a large proportion of the top is to be removed, there is no safer period for doing the work, except the latter part of winter or early spring. As the present is a comparatively slack time, it will be well to look after the hedges, so that other important work may not be interfered with later in the season.—*Western Rural.*

LOSS BY DRYING.—It is said that corn loses one-fifth, and wheat one-fourteenth, by drying. From this estimate made, it seems that it would be more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents, than keep it until spring and sell it at $1; and that wheat at $1.25 in December is equal to $1.50 the succeeding June. In cases of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is little doubt but between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

FARMS which are devoted to raising stock that consume the crops grown upon them, are less rapidly exhausted than those from which the crops of grain and hay are sold. Upon farms where the grain, hay, straw and offal are fed to stock, the farmer may realize a double profit: First, by the profit arising from the sale of his stock; and second, from the larger quantity of manure he makes and applies to the improvement of his fields, and thereby increasing the quantity of grain, and thus he is enabled to add to the number of his stock.

SULPHUR OINTMENT.—The *North British Agriculturist* says: Sulphur ointment is generally prepared by melting one part of flowers of sulphur with four or six of lard, palm oil, or other fatty matter. For mange, scap, and some of the simpler inflammatory conditions of the skin of animals, sulphur ointment proves a soothing dressing; but it is by no means the most effectual application for the destruction of those vegetable parasitic growths popularly known as ringworm. For such purposes if sulphur ointment is used, it is advantageously mixed with about one part of the dark brown, impure carbolic acid to six or eight of sulphur ointment.

ASPARAGUS.—This delicious vegetable is receiving much attention at the present time, not only from market gardeners, but from farmers generally, who are desirous of having it for use in their own families. At a recent meeting of State Board of Agriculture held at Haverhill, Mass., Mr. Slade, an extensive cultivator of the plant, was asked if he was satisfied that there is really but one variety, and that the difference in the size results from cultivation. He replied that he was. We are inclined to think this conclusion to be correct. The plant comes from the wild variety, which grows freely in England and Italy. It may be indigenous to this country, but we do not know of localities where the wild plant is found. Pliny states that asparagus, which formerly grew wild so that every man might gather it, was in his time carefully cherished in gardens, particularly in Ravenna, where the cultivated plant was so large that three heads would weigh a pound. If this is true, the ancient Roman gardeners beat us most decidedly, for with our colossal and other varieties, we have not attained to a size approaching this. The English and the Dutch cultivators have, however, produced enormous plants.

JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS OF 1870 I was laid up with an obstinate Cough, together with spitting of Blood, accompanied with some fever—from the joint effects of which I was greatly weakened, and became rapidly reduced. Following the best advice I could get, I tried various medicines, but none apparently done much good, leaving me low-spirited enough. I made up my mind at last to try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and procured some. I used it carefully as directed and gradually got rid of my complaint.—*Wm. A. C. Pyle, Tamaron, Perry County, Wis.*

FACETIÆ.

"Remember," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

A young man asked his bachelor uncle: "What advice would you give to a young man who was contemplating matrimony?"

"I should advise him to keep on contemplating it."

Forward and loquacious youth: "By jove you know—upon my word, now—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life."

Ingenuous maiden—"Haven't you seen a ghost?"

It is said that "twenty cigars a head is the number annually manufactured for every man, woman, and child in the United States." This may be true; but if there were twenty cigars manufactured for our head last year, said head has not yet received them.

The mild, damp atmosphere we have had hitherto this winter, seems to suit some people. A gentleman who had a loquacious wife, was heard to remark to a friend the other day on the street: "Delightful weather! My wife is so hoarse that she has not spoken above a whisper for a week! Delightful weather, sir."

It is stated that a Dayton young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ——, I send by the boy a bucket of flowers. They is like my love for u. The night shades means keep dark. The dog fenil means that I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fail."

Tall Yankee, (just arrived)—"Guess your legal fare is just sixpence."

Dublin Carman—"Sure, me Lord, we take some Chape Jacks at that—but I wouldn't disgrace a gintleman av your Lordship's quality be drivin' him at a mane pace t'rough the public sthreets, so I tuk upon meself to give your lorship a shillin's worth both av stoyle an' whipcord."

Party with cold in his head to party opposite (referring to open window in railroad car): "Say, wid you shud ub that wi'dow?"

Middle-aged female in weeds, who has been talking the last half hour, turning around indignantly: "What do you mean, sir? It is a pretty how-de-do when a woman can't open her mouth! I'll have you to know you can't shut me up!"

Sensation.

A Story is told of a class of ragged boys who had learned to answer the questions in the catechism by rote. One day a stranger entered to examine them, but unfortunately the boy who was always at the head of the class was absent. The stranger asked:

"Who made you?"

"The dust of the earth," replied the boy.

"Oh, no," was the remonstration. "God made you."

"No," was the response, "the boy that God made isn't here."

When Brower, the actor, first arrived in New York, seedy after a journey, the barkeeper at the Metropolitan asked him to pay for his glass of brandy before he swallowed it.

"What!" cried Frank, at the unusual demand.

"Yes," said the barkeeper, "it's the boss' orders, all strangers must pay for it before they drink it."

"Goodness!" cried Brower, "is it so instantaneous in its fatal effects?"

A Centennial Swear.—She was red-headed and freckled, and stepped into the witness stand with a masculine firmness of tread that Susan B. Anthony might have envied. When the clerk handed her the Holy Book to be sworn, she hesitated a moment, and then broke out:

"Ain't this the Centennial year, Judge?"

"You've guessed it the first time," replied his Honor.

"And ain't I a patriot?" she continued, pitching her voice into the nineties.

"I hope so, madam," said the Judge.

"Well, then, you can't swear me on anything but Washington's family bible this year."

And they had to take her affirmation.

A maine of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian.

"Yes, brudder; I 'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know that there's a passage in the Scriptures which says that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I 'spects to leave my breff behind when I go dar!"

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HORSES.

The London *Field*, referring to the invitation sent to England for the exhibition of live stock during the Philadelphia exhibition, says:

"In the meantime, it is amusing to observe that prizes will be awarded at Philadelphia to horses which possess merits unappreciated, or at least unrewarded on this side of the Atlantic. Thus we read that awards will be made for running horses having made fastest record; for trotting stallions having trotted a mile within 2.30, and for mares and geldings having trotted a mile within 2.25.

"In England, we are accustomed to make entire colts concede three pounds to geldings and mares, whereas, in the United States, mares and geldings are asked to trot a mile within 3.25, while stallions are regarded as up to proof if they can accomplish the same distance within 2.30.

"It would not be easy to get together a synod of English racing men who would be willing to give a prize to running horses having made fastest record. We have long ago satisfied ourselves that nothing can be more fallacious than the time test, and it is notorious that Bothwell, who was little more than a plater, won the two thousand guineas in shorter time than West Australia, who could have given him twenty-one pounds and a beating, had they been born in the same year. With the awards designed for trotting horses, we do not presume to interfere. The honors of the trotting turf belong exclusively to the United States, and Hiram Woodruff was probably correct when he said that a three-minute trotter is as rare and hard to find in England as a two-thirty trotter in the Great Republic.

"Other nations may be tempted to compete at Philadelphia by sending thoroughbred horses or *pursang* cattle across the Atlantic, but it is certain that our enterprising cousins will have the trotting all to themselves. Yet we confess that we sympathize with their determination to give prizes for fast-walking horses. Many of the best judges of horseflesh that these islands have produced were of opinion that if a horse could walk well he could do all things well.

"When Teddington, Aphrodite, Breba, the Ban, and Confessor were all yearlings together at Leybourne Grange, Sir Joseph Hawley's stud groom, Tweed, told his master that Teddington would prove the pick of the basket, as he could outwalk all the others.

"Fobert, the trainer of the Flying Dutchman and Van Tromp, was always a great believer in fast-walking racehorses. Every hunting man who has had occasion to jog home at night for twenty miles upon the back of a tired hunter is aware what a blessing it is to bestride a good walker and sprightly trotter, instead of an animal 'who kicks a sixpence before him at every step.' Nothing is better known than that proficiency in certain gaits is not less hereditary in horses than are distinctive types of features in human families.

"Touchstone and Orlando, the grandsire and sire of Teddington, were themselve famous walkers, and if the prizes for walking distributed at Philadelphia tend to draw the attention of English breeders to the development of excellence in this gait, the Centennial will not be held in vain."

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Josephine, before marrying General Bonaparte, consulted her lawyer, Monsieur Raquideau, as to her union with the young victor of St. Roch.

"It is folly," answered the sage man of law, "perfect folly, to marry a young officer without fortune and without future."

But Josephine had more confidence still in the oracles of Mlle. Lenormand, the celebrated fortune-teller; or, rather, she did as people often do after asking advice—she followed her own mind, and did well.

Bonaparte heard of the opinion passed upon him, but made his way in spite of M. Raquideau's doubts, and the young officer became emperor.

But, although he had advanced much, he had forgotten nothing. When he was attired in his coronation robes, and a few minutes before proceeding to Notre Dame, he called out in a voice of thunder:

"Let Raquideau be brought."

The poor notary thought that he had signed his last contract.

"Well," said the emperor, as soon as he perceived him, "here is the man without fortune and without future!" and then, after a mischievous pause of a few minutes, he added: "I name you lawyer to the family."

Josephine did well, they say. Can we think so, if we remember her after suffering, and the agony of that night when, knowing her fate, she drew Bonaparte to the window, and, pointing to the sky, said prophetically:

"Like those two stars we have risen together, and separated we shall fall."

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It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepsin and other artificial solvents into the stomach in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting on the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia. The only way to conquer that disorder, and prevent the numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most inveterate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nerves, no less than the stomach, experience the invigorative effects of that standard tonic, which possesses alterative properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

Domestic Felicity.—Everything that can be procured through the agency of love, affection or wealth, is often found in many of our far famed, beautiful and hospitable mansions. Yet this delightful state of things may be marred by the slightest accident, such as the loss of a choice book, the ruin of a rare gem, or that most annoying and painful accident, a severe burn. The cries and lamentation dependent upon the first two are soon hushed as the thought recurs to the fact that they can easily be replaced with money. The third one, however, is the most serious, a thousand and one remedies are proposed, yet none allays the intense pain, nor gives relief to the anguish of mind (always incidental to a severe burn), but which, when healed, the new skin will "contract" and form those disfiguring scars so often seen. The only known remedy for the instant relief of the intense pain and preventative of the "contraction of the skin is Dr. P. J. Griffen & Co.'s Universal Hemorrhoidal, seventy-five cents, and Pyrine twenty-five cents. They should be in every house. Ask your chemist for them, or address, with stamp, Dr. P. G. Griffen & Co., No. 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Mention this paper.

The Westminster of New York.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

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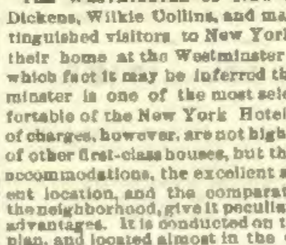

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A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor. "What corner is the Building on?"

Attendant. "South-East corner of *Sixth* and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 180 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of floorage, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the inspector's room on the fourth floor."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our fifth floor and see! We keep 70 hands all the time cutting up the cloth into garments,—besides two machines that do a dozen men's work each at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all the way through, that enables us to put our prices down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into Stock it is *ticketed*. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 30 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away just as perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir! we have more than *twenty*, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel with in the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom-made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its immense stock of all underwear, The Shirt Factory, with its busy machines, making our own first-class shirts. The Trimming Department, itself as big as many a regular store. The Garment Stock Room. The Receiving Room. The Order Department, named before. The Special Uniforms Department. The Delivery Department, with its score of messengers. The—"

V. "Hold, hold! sir, enough!"

A. "I'm not half through! The Advertising Department, with its bill and sign distributors, editing and publishing a business and popular journal, circulating, &c., 50,000 copies monthly (tell all your friends to send for it). The Men's Department, with its many rooms. The Boys' Department. The Youths' Department. The Children's Department, with its special entrance for ladies. The Telegraph Department. The Chief Clerk's Department, with its book-keepers and assistants, General Manager's Department; Financier's Office, and other offices of the firm, all busy as bees thinking, planning, executing, buying, making, registering, receiving, sending out, selling, and in a thousand ways joining their forces to carry on a business with the people amounting to between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 annually."

V. "S-t-u-p-e-n-d-o-u-s!"

A. "Indeed it is! I forgot to name the Cashier's Department, which handles its $25,000 of retail sales on some single days!"

V. "$25,000! Immense! That's what enables the house to buy cheap and sell cheap!"

A. "Exactly! You have just hit it. The people throng here, knowing that we depend on low prices and immense sales."

V. "What are the 'four rules' I hear so much about?"

A. "Our system of business dealing—1. One price, no deviation; 2. Cash for everything; 3. A guarantee protecting the purchaser; 4. The money returned if the buyer can't otherwise be suited."

V. "Nothing could be fairer."

A. "Nothing. And the people see it."

V. "Well, I thank you, sir, for your polite attention."

A. "Not at all. It's a pleasure to serve you. Call again; and be sure of the place—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, South-East corner Sixth and Market."

V. "Thank you! I shall be happy to do so. Good morning."

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THE BOUDOIR.

We have some charming toilettes to present to our fair friends this week. The versatility of Dame Fashion, and the innumerable changes and suggestions which seem to spring up spontaneously in the brains of her skilful interpreters, causes us to wonder, even in this remarkable age, when all things seem a possibility in art, science, mechanics, and what not. We shall select for description two costumes, charming and complete in themselves.

One is a street or house toilette, and is of plum colored silk trimmed with velvet. The front width and narrow side widths have a flounce at the bottom, about eight inches deep, edged with a bias of plum-colored velvet six inches deep. This flounce is scant, and gathered on, headed by a double ruching of silk, plaited and stitched down the middle in three close rows done by machine. Another fold of velvet is above the ruche. The centre of the apron front of the overskirt is of velvet, narrower at the waist, and widening out fan shape, folds of silk turn back from it on each side. The side breadths, which are simply caught together below the point of the basque at the back, by a large bow with hanging loops of silk, and fall open from thence, have but little of the usual bouffant appearance, to which we are accustomed. These breadths have a wide, eight inch bias of velvet around the edge, and up the sides as far as they are open. Another bias, six inches wide is laid on, commencing from the top of the breadth in front, and carried down towards the back in a diagonal line, ending in a point near the corners. The plain cuirass basque has a deep point back and front, and is of the silk self piped; it is sleeveless; the sleeves of the corsage being of velvet, with a puff of silk edge top and bottom, with a pleated ruffle just above the wrist. A round standing collar of velvet completed the throat and a fin-shaped plastron of velvet is placed down the middle of the basque front. This costume could be happily carried out in cashmere or vigogne, combined with velvet; or else two shades of cashmere.

An evening toilette was of light green silk, made with long train, and having a bias flounce six inches deep around the lower edge of the skirt. Above this flounce was a puff of striped, cream-tinted silk gauze. Two scarfs of the gauze, edged with a knife-pleating of the silk, are draped across the front of the dress, from the right side to left, diagonally. The waist is decollete, and is pointed front and back, fitting low down and smoothly over the hips. It is laced up behind. A berthe arranged in easy folds, coming down in a point upon the bust, is made of the gauze. Knots of green ribbon, a shade darker than the dress fabric, are placed upon each shoulder, and in the centre of bust. The scarfs that drape the front are caught at the back, under a full width of the gauze, which in its turn is looped with a wide ribbon sash laid in soft folds, and matching in tint the knots of ribbon upon the corsage. Apple blossoms, in the natural tints, and with a few leaves of foliage, are placed in a cluster among the puffs of golden hair—for only a blonde could wear such a shade of green—high up on the left side. Two loosely twisted curls fall behind. We omitted to mention that the sleeves were a puff of gauze, over plain silk ones, with knife pleated ruffle of silk.

Ball costumes are for the most part lavishly adorned with sprays of flowers, autumn leaves, etc. We heard of a charmingly simple toilette worn by a debutante, so darling in its simplicity that we can but describe it:

Under-skirt of creamy white silk, cut Gabrielle, long and with ample train. No trimming on this skirt at all. Overdress of finest creamy white crepe lisse, simply hemmed, and wrought in four lines of double herring-bone stitch above the hem. The effect was very fine. Looped high on the left side with a long trailing cluster of white lilac blossoms without foliage. Corsage, deep pointed corset waist of silk, laced up behind. Deep berthe of crepe lisse, laid in many folds, caught on the shoulder and on the bust with lilac sprays. Long venetian sleeves of crepe lisse, open from the shoulder, and set in over a tiny silk puff. These sleeves were hemmed all around, and wrought in a herring-bone stitch similar to that upon the overskirt. A necklace of finely cut crystal beads, with crystal locket pendant, was the only jewelery worn. The magnificent hair, purplish black and of rare length and thickness, was worn in two massive braids, the braiding extending half-way down the length of hair and caught by sprays of lilac, the rest of the length being combed out and loosely waved. The front of the hair, just above the forehead, was worn in a short, very light fringe of many tendrils. The parting of the rest extended from the top of the head to the nape of the graceful neck. The young lady was French, and had a perfect figure.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Painting your own furniture in dainty floral designs, on neutral-tinted grounds, is the latest industry among wealthy and fashionable Boston dames. Only the wealthy dare indulge—it might seem like economy, if your means are moderate.

Martha Washington ties and fichus still abound. The newest are in fine ecru lawn, bordered with Valenciennes lace.

Cream colored cashmere and vigognes for overdressers in spring suits. Let the brunette rejoice, for this is now her day.

Lovely mottoes for framing are shown now in carved wood, painted white to imitate ivory, and fastened upon a dark blue or cardinal tinted background.

A new lace for trimming underwear is shown, all of linen, called Smyrna lace.

Kid gauntlets for morning wear on the promenade are shown in dark tints, embroidered up the back and around the top and lower edge of the cuff.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We propose to devote our attention this week to a useful article of attire, which, in view of the nearness of the time when such a garment will be appropriate, we trust our readers will like. It is a morning wrapper of calico or percale, or any similar fabric. The quantity of material required will be from fourteen to sixteen yards. The front is cut very much like the front of the well-known Gabrielle dress, gored, and flowing easily. It is buttoned from throat to hem, with pearl or delicately tinted vegetable ivory buttons. Deep gathered pockets, with ruffle tops, are placed on each side of the front. These pockets are made by taking a piece of the material, twelve inches wide and about thirteen deep; turn over about two inches at the top and run a narrow casing therein; gather up to about six inches in width by a tape run in. The bottom is also gathered about an inch and a half from the lower edge, until the width there is about three inches across. The pockets may be ornamented in front and on the middle of the upper casing by a bow of the material, hemmed on each side. The back of the dress has the waist and skirt in two parts. The former being laid in four box pleats, confined at the belt by a band of the same laid in folds, or else by a sash of the material; the two ends set in at the side seams, and afterwards tied in a bow in the middle. This latter we think will be the more graceful way. The waist ends in basque skirt, a continuation of the upper part, only that the plaits fall free. The skirt of the dress behind is either gathered or laid in kilt plaits, according to the figure—gathers for thin people, plaits for those who are embonpoint. The edge of the skirt has a deep pleated flounce, either box or kilt plaited, and there is a revers of the material from the waist down, on each side where the back joins the front. Small round collar with polonted revers. Pattern supplied for sixty cents, post-paid.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. L. MCK.—Make your boy of nine a suit of claret colored cassimere, or dark almost invisible blue cloth. Have French jacket, fastened at the throat by a lappel and buttons, falling away towards the sides so as to reveal high vest, which must button from throat to bottom edge. Very little trimming is used now for boys' garments, simple galloon for binding, either of silk or mohair, being all that is employed. Boys of that age wear soft-crown felt or Derby hats, with straight rim.

NETTIE D. (Ellworth, Ill.)—It will require twenty-five yards of silk ordinary width to make your suit. The newest style for such suits is made with what is known as the blouse basque, and *La Hortense*, or "the cripple," overskirt, this latter term probably referring to its one sided appearance. It (the overskirt) is made deep and full apron front, looped on the left side by four upturned folds, each fold held in place by a large button. The back width is a long square-ended scarf, draped to form three puffs. The basque is cut after the simple cuirass pattern, and has two straight pieces of the material, hemmed on each side in blind stitch and gathered slightly at the throat, fitting into the slope of the neck. These pieces are gathered also at the waist, and confined by a belt of the material, laid in four or five small folds. We would advise you to combine brown silk with your russet silk. Have the bottom of your overskirt piped with the brown, brown pocket on right side, collar and blouse fronts, cuffs to sleeve, and sash for looping back, also of the brown. A cream tinted felt hat, trimmed with brown plumes and netted scarf, will go well with such a costume. Very happy to assist you, and trust you will "come again." NINON.

A SPRING SONG.

BY SIEGERT WINNE.

Blithely breaks the morning
With a warmer beam;
Now, O Earth, awaken
From thy Winter dream!
From some land of beauty,
Where the swallow's wing
Rests on balmiest zephyrs,
Comes the radiant Spring.

Odorous Southern breezes
With her garlands play,
And the sullen snow-clouds
Slowly drift away.
In the woods and valleys
Water softly flows,
And its silvery murmurs
Greet her as she goes

By the budding hedgerows,
Through the meadows sweet,
Bright-eyed, starry daisies
Springing round her feet,
With the fragrant violets
To her warm lips pressed,
And the timid snowdrops
Nestling in her breast.

Many a shrinking flow'ret
From its nook she wiles
With her tears, more precious
Than her sunniest smiles.
Quickly will the forest
Weave a leafy mass,
Ere the sun can seek them
With too ardent gaze.

Haste then, Earth, arouse thee!
Bid thy wild birds sing;
Let them give a welcome
To the gentle Spring!

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 22, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER VI.

A FIRE HUNT—THE TARGET WHICH NO BALLS COULD HIT.

Mount Bigelow, and the Androscoggin village at its foot, were reached in due time, without any adventures worthy of record, by the little party of hunters and trappers. The village consisted of seventy or eighty lodges, built in the shape of a crescent, whose horns or spurs touched the base of the mountain. The Indians were for the most part young hunters, who had sought the spot with their families for the purpose of catching the animals about the mount. They were at peace with the whites, and Snow-Shoe Kit was an especial favorite among them.

During years prior to the one that has given us the adventures we are recording, he had visited them on the banks of the Kennebec, and from their lips heard for the first time the wild stories of the marches of the phantom moose.

Androscoggy, as Kit called the collection of bark lodges, possessed much interest for the boys, it being the first genuine Indian village they had ever visited. They soon formed the acquaintance of the Indian youths of their own age, and though conversation was carried on by signs, the parties got along quite well. The red boys exhibited much native courtesy, which our heroes appreciated, and picked up many ideas concerning trapping and hunting.

The night that followed the arrival at Androscoggy was dark. The moonlight night had vanished for a season, and the forests were vast chambers of Egyptian gloom. The tracks of the silver foxes were found near the village, but as yet none of the valuable animals had been bagged.

"We're going fire hunting to-night," said Walter Duval with glee to his companions one afternoon. "Of course we will have a grand time, for Red Wolf is going to lead the party, and Kit says he is the greatest fire hunter in Androscoggy."

The thought of a fire hunt delighted the youths, and when the dark shadows of night had fallen over the village, the hunting party, provided with torches and well armed, struck into the woods. There were twelve Indians, including three Androscoggin boys, who had obtained leave to accompany the party.

Fire hunting is a great sport in the land of the deer, and is, of course, followed solely at night. The person who is to do the shooting walks before the torch, and fires between the eyes of the deer that shine like walls of fire. The poor animal, not knowing that his eyes betray him to the steady aim of the hunter, will stand and gaze at the torch, fascinated by its glare, until the fatal ball pierces his brain. It seems to be taking undue advantage over the beast, but it is far better than hunting him down with dogs and prolonging an unwarranted misery.

The fire hunters kept at the base of the mountain, which was well fringed with pine, and for some time no game rewarded their pains. At length one noble buck fell a prey to his curiosity, and the hunt was continued.

The Indian boys grew restless, and were eager to show their white companions a sample of their skill with torch and rifle. They importuned Red Wolf for permission to separate from the party, and, as the four Portlanders seconded the request, it was granted. A good torch was lighted, and the young fire hunters turned from the men and began to ascend the mountain.

Every now and then the faint crack of a rifle would reach them, and they knew by the reports that the other party continued to find deer, while they were still unsuccessful.

All at once Harold McDonald halted, and at the same time a low ejaculation fell from Passawack's lips.

Farther up the mountain shone two balls of fire!

The entire party now came to a halt, and all eyes were fixed upon the eyes of the deer.

After a brief consultation it was decided that the animal was too far off—that he was as yet beyond rifle shot—and the party again advanced with caution. The eyes burned with such brilliancy that the boys continually uttered exclamations of wonderment, and longed to bring down their possessor. The young white trappers recalled the story of the big moose, and began to believe that they had at last encountered one of the phantoms.

Strange to say, as they advanced the eyes receded, but did not lose themselves. The Indians were puzzled at this, but did not show their chagrin in words.

On up the mountain, never losing sight of the gleaming balls, went the young fire hunters, longing for a shot and the death of the deer.

"They seem within rifle shot now," said Mark Boldly, unable to control his impatience longer. "Passawack's gun drops at long range; I move that the young Indian tries a shot."

Passawack smiled and patted the stock of his gun.

"Good rifle! shoot long ways," he said, with a faint smile, and stepped before the torch which Fonquats held above his head.

With pride the young Androscoggin raised his rifle, and took deliberate aim at the gleaming target among the pines. The members of the party held their breath, and watched both marksman and target.

The crack of Passawack's weapon was sharp and shrill, and the young Indian gazed with astonishment upon the eyes still shining with their wonted brilliancy. He bit his lip in vexation, and uttered an ejaculation of deepest chagrin as he turned upon his companions.

"Gun shoot bad!" he said, striking the weapon indignantly with his fist. "Big moose stand still and laugh at Passawack!"

"Let me try him," said Mark, cocking his own rifle and stepping forward.

"White boy kill him, mebbe," said Mehesta, the youngest Indian of the party, and Mark's favorite red friend "Shoot between eyes, and hold gun short time."

Mark obeyed Mehesta by taking a brief aim, and touched the trigger.

The eyes did not vanish, and the youth's face was flushed when he turned into the light of the torch.

"There's some mystery here," he said, excusing thus his unlucky shot.

"The phantom moose," said Harold, with a smile.

"I had not thought of that," returned the young marksman, and he spoke of the spectre band to the Indians.

"Moose big! moose in flesh!" said Passawack, with a shake of his head, and Fonquats, with curling lips, glided forward on his show-shoes rifle in hand.

He delivered his shot with the result already seen, and then Mehesta, or the Smiler, gave the glittering eyes the contents of his short, but long range, rifle. The little Androscoggin returned to the light with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a laugh rippling over his lips. He was deeply puzzled, but in the merriest moods.

of "Mehesta will become an Indian girl," the merry fellow said. "Sequesto shall whip him with pine branches, for he can't hit a deer's eye in the night. White boys miss again!"

"I'll hit him, Mehesta," said Luther Knight; but when the braggart saw the result of his shot, Mehesta patted him on the shoulder and displayed his beautiful teeth with a smile.

After Luther's shot the glistening balls received the contents of other rifles, until every member of the party had fired two bullets each.

The mystery of the eyes grew deeper, and Passawack shook his head doubtingly when any one mentioned the phantom moose. He recalled the stories told around the wigwam fires, and in the bivouac light, of five hunters shooting at the eyes of the leader of that ghostly band. He was reluctant to believe that they had lost so much time firing at a phantom, and still feebly contended that the elk which was flesh and blood was beyond rifle shot.

They were about to push forward again for the purpose of getting nearer the eye balls when the torch of Red Wolf's party was seen ascending the mount.

"They've heard our guns," said Harold, "and will laugh heartily over our ill success."

The Indian boys did not relish the approach of the party, and Passawack, as if determined to finish the battle before it could arrive, walked forward a long distance and delivered his fire at the eyes. But the deer did not drop; the balls shone on.

"What kind o' target practice are you havin' here?" exclaimed Kit, coming up to the young fire-hunters. "Down the mountain it sounds like a set of wolf hunters. Seen any deer?"

"Go forward and look at our target," said Harold.

Kit and Red Wolf obeyed.

"And can't you drop 'em?" said the guide.

"No."

Without a word the guide raised his rifle and fired. Then Red Wolf discharged his weapon with the same result.

A broad smile illumined the boys' faces. Mehesta was showing his teeth and clapping his hands.

"Come!" said Red Wolf to Kit, and without ado the twain glided off into the darkness, leaving their companions to converse about the hunt in the valley, and the unfruitful shots on the mountain.

After a long while a coarse laugh was heard, and Kit and the chief reappeared.

The guide's face was red from laughing, while Red Wolf bit his lip in the keenest chagrin.

"I rather guess they was out o' range," the guide exclaimed. "You young blockheads have been shootin' at two stars!"

"Two stars!" cried the Portlanders in one breath, while the Indian boys turned away greatly mortified.

"Two stars, by Jupiter!" cried Kit. "And to think that they fooled me and Red Wolf. Come up and see them."

The guide led the boys to a spot from whence they could see the stars, which glimmered through the pines like the eyes of a deer.

"They are in Orion," said Walter, laughing. "The son of Neptune may congratulate himself upon his escape."

The star shooting did not end the hunt, though it was the principal event of the night; the young hunters had the pleasure of shooting at several real elk eyes before the return to Androscoggy, where the name of star-shooters was bestowed upon them and their three companions. It was a joke too rich to be forgotten by the red hunters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUILDING WHERE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN.

We give our readers this week an illustration of the building in which the memorable Declaration of Independence was drafted just one hundred years ago, by Thomas Jefferson.

This building is situated at the south-west corner of Seventh and Market Streets, and is at present occupied by Mr. Longacre, engraver. At the present time, when the Centennial spirit is so deeply stirred within the hearts of the nation, a view of the building wherein our famous "Magna Charta" was drawn up will be warmly appreciated and prized by all our readers.

In June, 1776, when all hope for reconciliation with England had faded away, a resolution was offered in the General Congress, by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, declaring all allegiance to the British crown at an end. This bold proposition was immediately followed by the appointment of a Committee to draft a Declaration of Independence. This Committee consisted of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, and Robert H. Livingston.

Jefferson, though the youngest member of the Committee, was appointed chairman, and was requested by the others to draw out the instrument, which he did, and, with a very few verbal alterations by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, it was adopted by the Committee just as it came from his hand. On the 28th of June, 1776, the Committee reported the Declaration to Congress, and on the Fourth day of July, 1776—an ever memorable day in the history of this country—it was formally adopted by Congress. This instrument forms an everlasting monument to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, and gives, by far, a wider range to the fame of his talents and patriotism than eloquent panegyric or sculptured epitaph.

It is the intention, we understand, of Mr. Longacre to restore as far as possible the rooms in this venerable building into the same condition as they were in the days of Jefferson—even replacing some of the old articles of furniture that used to be there—and also to publish a little book descriptive of the memorable days between the 11th of June, when the Committee first sat in this building, and the 4th of July, 1776, when the result of these labors was formally adopted by the Congress.

RAILWAYS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

When railways on land were first talked of, the projectors were credited with being visionary enthusiasts. What then is likely to be thought of those who seriously propose to have railways under the sea. A submarine carriage of a most ingenious construction has recently been invented in Paris to cross the channel, and for navigating deep rivers and canals. The carriage is of galvanized iron, and is hermetically sealed. As its lightness, compared with the surrounding water, would cause it at once to rise to the surface, it is attached to a heavy, eight-wheeled truck, which runs on a line of rails laid down under the ocean. It is not fastened so securely, however, but that, in the event of an accident, it could be at once detached and allowed to ascend to the open air, when it would be easy to make for the nearest port. The motive power is supplied by two screws driven by compressed air. An enormous quantity of air is distributed through the interior in numerous pipes, for the benefit of the screw and passengers. We might enter still farther into details, and describe the electric light at the bows, which is to illuminate both the road and the interior of the vessel; the entrance for the passengers, hermetically sealed when all are aboard; the strong glass windows, out of which any one may see the marvels of the deep; the raft carried on the roof, and the diver's chamber at the stern.—*Manufacturer's Trade Journal.*

JOHNNY BRINN TELLS ABOUT HIS SISTERS.

Sisters is good fur a feller to have. They does a good many things which a boy couldn't do so well. They're allers in the house, or they ought to be, and if they don't know what a feller wants, who duz? Now I've got three sisters; Kate is the oldest, an' she's boss. Jennie and May haven't got very much to say when Kate's around. Kate beats the socks off'n anything in making doesnuts. I try to keep in with her, especially about Christmas times. A red-headed feller comes to see Kate. She likes him, an' he likes her. Kate gives me sumthin always when that feller comes around, that is if I'm where she is, and I allers am there about that time, but I don't stay long. Sumhow Kate don't banker after me much then. Jennie plays the praino. Jennie is the lady of our house. She's got more fripps and bugles, and flates and things than all the rest of us. I was sick once. Sisters is good when a feller's sick. Mary took most care of me then. I tell you boys is ruff, but I know sum fellers what's ruffer than me. Sisters 'll do to go to matinees with, but they ain't so good around circusses. They don't want to go where the boys duz. They are too nice, you know. That is all I kin tell about sisters now.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

To stick leather on the face of iron and wooden pulleys, paint the pulley with a good coat of white lead in oil, then glue the leather to the pulley.

IRON may be cemented in wood by dropping into the recess prepared in the latter a small quantity of a strong solution of sal ammoniac. This causes the iron to rust, rendering it very difficult to extract.

AFTER filing a saw, place it on a level board and pass a whetstone over the side of the teeth until all the wire-edge is off them. This will make the saw cut true and smooth, and it will remain sharp longer. The saw must be set true with a saw-set.

VARNISH brushes should never be allowed to touch water, as it not only injures the elasticity of the hair, but a resin is deposited in the bilt of the brush, which can never be thoroughly removed, and which will work out little by little when the brush is used, destroying the glossy surface which otherwise might be obtained.

FOR cornices, galvanized iron has almost entirely superseded both wood and stone, the immense weight of stone necessary to give the required projection being one of the principal objections to its use, while the danger to wood from fire—besides the great cost—precludes its employment as a cheap, durable, and substantial material.

PROFESSOR F. E. NIPHER suggests the following optical experiment. Observe a white cloud through a plate of red glass with one, and through green glass with the other eye. After some moments transfer both eyes to the red glass, opening and closing each eye alternately. The strengthening of the red color in the eye, fatigued by its complementary green, is very striking.

CHARCOAL can be burned in pits made of earth or brick. The primitive and usual manner is to place the wood in a huge pile, rounded up like a cone, and then cover the entire heap with earth to prevent the flames breaking out. A smouldering fire is then kept up day and night until the mass of wood is reduced to charcoal. Some experience is required to successfully manage the fires and arrange the wood. Hard and soft wood must not be piled together in the same pit, as they do not char evenly. Open spaces or flues are arranged through the bottom of the heap for the fire to burn.

CARBOLIC acid paper, which is now used in such large quantities, in this country and abroad, for packing fresh meats, etc., for the purpose of preserving them against deterioration by atmospheric or other influences, is made by melting five parts of stearine in a gentle heat, and then stirring in thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid, after which five parts of paraffine, in a melted form, is added. The mass thus prepared is then well stirred together until it cools, after which it is applied with a brush to the paper, in quires, in the same manner as the waxed paper—so much used in Europe as a wrapping material for various articles—is treated.

THE Russian artillery are now testing a new rifled cannon, constructed to deliver its shot with great initial velocity, viz: 1,560 feet in a second. The weight of the ball is only fourteen and a half pounds, and the cannon weighs but thirty poods (1,080 English pounds). The Russian Government intend serving out these guns to the whole artillery force. These big guns, by the way, are making war rather expensive. The Duke of Cambridge, in the course of a speech the other day, said that the cost of the 81-ton gun would be about £15,000, and every shot fired from it would cost £25. At this rate war is becoming a luxury which impecunious nations will find it difficult to indulge in.

A NEW RAIN GAUGE.—M. Tissandier has invented a self-registering rain gauge, which seems to be a valuable instrument. The rainfall is conveyed into an upright cylinder within which is a movable float supported by a cord which passes over a pulley. At the other end of the cord is a weight sliding up and down upon rods, and carrying a pencil which is made to mark a line upon an endless paper band, propelled horizontally by two cylinders, one of which rolls up the paper as the other gives it off. As the float rises its compensating weight falls, making a curve upon the moving paper band. The paper is propelled by a clock which, by certain lines upon the paper correspond to its rate of revolution, marks also the time during which the rain has been falling. When there is no rain, of course, the line registered upon the paper band becomes horizontal. The inventor claims that the rain fall for an entire year can be registered upon a single band of paper, no other care being necessary than the occasional winding of the clock.

PERSONALITIES.

THE late Reverdy Johnson leaves twelve children, about fifty grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren.

BAYARD TAYLOR says that black-eyed women can never love as fondly as those with blue eyes. So don't give your wife a black eye.

THE rector of a fashionable New York church, at a recent wedding, wore white kid gloves, white satin neck-tie and satin-lined robe, while performing the ceremony.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has presented a handsome memorial window to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Wimbledon, near London, England, in memory of the celebrated Dr. Wilberforce.

THE Hon. Potiphar Pearson, of the Georgia Legislature, rose in his seat the other day and asked a member the meaning of the word geology. The member told him it was a species of vaccination.

SARAH M. LOGAN, said to be the first colored female student who has graduated from any medical college in York State, has just received a diploma from the college of medicine of the Syracuse University, and has begun practice in Washington.

THE latest arrival on the Boston lyceum platform is Miss Annie P. Smith, a young colored lady, who is said to be rather pretty and speaks in a quiet, self-possessed fashion that reminds the hearer of Lucy Stone. Her lecture is clever, too, the critics say.

MADAME GHAVIER, sister of M. Thiers, died recently in Provence at the age of seventy-six. It was she who in 1840 kept a sort of eating-house with a board at the entrance bearing the words, "Table d'hote kept by the sister of M. Thiers." The latter brought an action against her, and having gained his suit, obtained an order to have the obnoxious notice removed.

HATCHET or no hatchet, the memory of George Washington is not doomed to forgetfulness in Mexico. The *Revista* informed its readers that his birthday was January 23d, and that day was widely celebrated in the capitol of the Montezumas, flags being lavishly displayed by the foreign legations. They will probably celebrate the Fourth of July in June.

THE representatives of Japan at the National Capitol, Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida, are said to be polite, dignified, intelligent, and vivacious. Since coming to this country Madame has submitted herself to the hands of a modiste. She is said to enjoy the social prominence which she has in her own house of an evening, to which she was never accustomed at home.

PROF. DANA, of Yale, is evidently a good judge of geological scratches. Recently, when he was accompanied by twenty-five members of the senior class to Mill Rock, near New Haven, to observe some glacial marks one of the students secretly made some scratches of his own and called the Professor's attention to them. Professor Dana replied: "They look like the work of an Irishman."

THE head of the house of Murray, though a young man (thirty-six), holds one dukedom, two marquisates, five earldoms, three titles as viscount and twelve as baron—twenty-three titles in all, or six more than any other nobleman in the United Kingdom. Though known to the fashionable world as the Duke of Athole, in the House of Lords he sits and votes as Earl Strange. The ducal title was created by Queen Anne in 1703 and the duke's son, the Marquis Tullibardine, has just completed his fifth year.

GOSSIPING about Parisian notabilities, a correspondent of the New York *World* tells of the enormous expense to which the leading actresses are put by the requirements of their situation. The ladies of the Gymnase and of the Vaudeville vie with those who pay their respects to Mme. MacMahon on her reception days in the matter of elegant toilets. The dresses worn by Blanche Pierson in a recent revival of "La Dame aux Camelias" cost $1,000, exclusive of the lace, a price that would represent a cost of at least three times as much in New York. And her Brussels lace flounces, held back by garlands of white camelias on a train of white satin, would not have been disdained by a royal bride. The parure of diamonds which she wore in the same play was magnificent. Schneider's diamonds are worth $120,000, her necklace alone being valued at $20,000 and her solitaire earrings at $10,000. The diamonds of Mlle. Duverger, which were sold at auction last winter, brought her over $200,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Birds of Spring. Dead Love. My Kate. To Women. Esther's Secret. Good Resolutions. The Home-Angel. The Diamond Cross.

J. H. (Lancaster.)—The name of Auguste Evans' last novel, "Infelice," being an Italian word, means "The Unhappy One," and should be pronounced as if spelled "In fa-lee-tchee."

J. G.—The population of the six largest cities in the United States was, in 1870 as follows: New York, 942,541; Philadelphia, 674,022; Brooklyn, 396,200; St. Louis, 310,864; Chicago, 298,984; Baltimore, 267,354.

A. M.—THEE.—To cure ringworm, take of carbolic acid (liquid) one part; oil of any kind, two parts; apply, morning and evening, a few times, shaking it well up before you use it. You will find this a certain cure.

E. T. S.—"I *learned* my little boy all that he knows," is not a correct expression at all. The person receiving information *learns*, and the person imparting it *teaches*. So you should have said "I *taught* my boy all that he knows."

C. E. H.—With every inclination to oblige such an old friend of the POST as yourself, we regret we cannot comply with your request. We never publish any matter of a purely personal character, and we cannot break through this rule.

B. C. T.—Pope Pius IX was born May 13, 1792, at Sinigaglia, Italy, and is a member of the noble house of Mastai-Ferretti; was elected Pope on the death of Gregory XVI, and crowned June 21, 1846. His baptismal name is John Mary John-Baptist Peter Pelegrino Isodoro.

A. F. S.—By a late law of Congress, any person who carries on business may register his trade mark, whether old or new, for 20 years. A trade mark is a recognised part of the system of commerce by which a guarantee is given to the purchaser, and a legitimate protection afforded to the manufacturer.

J. E. F.—The best way to improve yourself is to get some work on elocution, and read aloud every day, confining yourself to two or three pieces until you are thoroughly familiar with them, and can read them to your own satisfaction. The more you thus practice, your taste will improve, and your conceptions of what reading should be grow more clear and vivid.

FIRST, (Shoe Heel, N. C.)—General Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. 2. President Lincoln died on the morning of April 16, 1865. 3. The Centennial Exhibition opens on May 10th, and will close November 10th of this year. 4. General Johnson surrendered to the national forces soon after the fall of Richmond. 5. The less we say about your penmanship the better.

E. M. R. (Pottsville.)—To answer your questions we should have to give you a regular dissertation on the art of Oil Painting, and this we have not the space here to give you. If you wish to learn oil painting, and will send us one dollar, we will send you a Manual which will give you minute instructions on all the points which you inquire about.

E. M. I.—A carat is a weight of four grains when used in weighing diamonds; and when used in reference to the fineness of gold, pure gold is supposed to weigh twenty-four carats of twelve grains each. Thus, if gold be said to be twenty-two carats fine, it is meant that twenty-two twenty-fourths are pure gold, and two twenty-fourths are alloy. Now we hope you understand it.

C. H. A.—Tells us that her lover is in the habit of kissing her every time they meet and part, and wishes to know if there is anything wrong in it. Wherever there is effect, cause must have preceded it. Things at this kind are not repeated if not permitted, and rarely ventured upon if cause be not supplied. If there is any engagement or understanding between C. H. A. and her lover, there is nothing wrong; but if not, she should bear in mind the old adage, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt."

W. A. H.—There are thirty-eight sovereigns and three republics in Europe at this moment. The Pope is the oldest sovereign, eighty-four, and has reigned the longest, thirty years. Emperor William comes next, and is seventy-eight. The Czar is fifty seven; Queen Victoria fifty-six; Victor Emanuel fifty-five; Francis Joseph forty four; and Alfonso, the youngest of all, eighteen. San Marino is the oldest republic, Switzerland is the next, and France is the youngest of all, having been born at Sedan in 1870.

HAYTIE.—It is a great mistake to suppose that by using depilatories you can both remove the superfluous hair and stop its growing again ever afterward. All they do is to burn away the hair on the surface of the skin, but they do not destroy the roots, and in a week or two, or at the most a month, the hair will grow again just as before. The worst of it is, too, that, like shaving, they make the hair grow thicker and stiffer; and if you add to it all, that the use of all depilatories is troublesome and painful, you may judge for yourself as to the wisdom of having recourse to them. We have always been opposed to them for the reasons given above.

A. W. F.—Easter will fall this year on the 16th rather than on the 9th of April, because Easter Day is regulated not by a solar, but by a lunar cycle—the cycle that regulates the Golden Number. Now, by a solar calculation a day always begins at midnight; but by lunar calculation it begins at noon. If therefore the Paschal moon falls on Sunday after 12 M., it is counted as falling on Sunday, and then Easter Day is under the rule in the Prayer Book, the Sunday following. This is what happens in the present year. The Paschal full moon falls on Saturday, April 8 at 2:48 P. M. It is therefore counted as falling on Sunday; April 9, and Easter Day is the Sunday following—April 16.

MACHINIST.—We are very glad indeed to hear that our advice given you so long ago as last year, has been of so much benefit to you, and that you were so sensible as to follow it. Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic passes. It is, figuratively speaking, the spring season of life—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. Bear always in mind that you can become master of your profession only through close application and persevering industry. Study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical, and when the time comes for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your particular profession, but in society.

INQUIRER.—The Etruscans were the first who adopted the eagle as the symbol of Royal power, and bore its image as a standard at the head of their armies. From the time of Marius it was the principal emblem of the Roman republic, and the only standard of the legions. It was represented with outspread wings, and was usually of silver, till the time of Hadrian, who made it of gold. The double-headed eagle was in use among the Byzantine Emperors, to indicate, it is said, their claim to the empire both of the east and the west; it was adopted in the fourteenth century by the German emperors and afterward appeared on the arms of Russia. The arms of Prussia are distinguished by the black eagle, and those of Poland bore the white. The white-headed eagle is the emblematic device of the United States of America, is the badge of the order of the Cincinnati, and is figured on coin. Napoleon adopted the eagle for the emblem of Imperial France, it was not however, represented in heraldic style, but in its natural form, with the thunder bolts of Jupiter. It was disused under the Bourbons, but was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon, January 1, 18 2.

F. F. V. writes us a very pitiful letter about her having a beau who is so dreadfully bashful that when he comes of an evening, he sits and won't speak a word hardly, until she sometimes get out of all patience with him. She wants us to advise her as to what she should do to cure him of this tiresome habit and whether it would be improper for her to break the silence on such occasions. As to the last question, certainly not, there would be no impropriety—on the contrary, it would be an act of charity to help the poor fellow out of his trouble and put him at his ease, if such a thing were possible. As to how she can cure him altogether, we must leave to her own mother wit to devise the best method. We will give our correspondent a story of a young lady who was fixed somewhat the same as she is, not however that we advise her to follow the example she set literally, but only in the hope that she may get a hint of how the difficulty may be overcome. Finding that her lover would not speak, in order to break the silence, she cried out "Now, don't kiss me, Sam!" The young man, considerably taken aback, exclaimed, rather indignantly, "I was not kissing you, Mary!" "No, but you might if you liked," returned Mary.

MISCELLANEOUS.—G. W. D.—We cannot answer your questions as they are on a topic we never discuss in our columns. F. W.—The child, not being legitimate, has no legal claim on the father's estate. H. C. F.—We are sorry we cannot help you. You must form your own conclusions on the matter in question. SIXTEEN.—Smoking is undoubtedly the cause of your trouble. Leave it off at once, before it becomes a habit. H. M. K.—Our opinion of such a young lady would not be very flattering, so we had better not express it. E. E. M.—"Cul-de-sac," which is French, means a blind alley, or a street or alley having only one entrance and exit. JOHN M.—Our advice to you is to consult a doctor for your complaint. We could not give you any assistance. L. E. M.—Take our advice and let your hair alone. You could not improve it, in our opinion. K. M.—We know nothing regarding the institution to which you refer, but would recommend you to apply to any respectable physician in preference.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.